

The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. XLVIII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1926

NUMBER 622

Contents

The Week	281
Editorials	
Why Voters Don't Vote.....	284
The Free Trade Protectionists.....	286
What Labor Banks Must Do.....	288
General Articles	
Sister Aimee.....	Bruce Bliven 289
From a Geneva Note Book.....	Ruth Morgan 292
Milk Punch.....	Felix Ray 294
Washington Notes.....	T. R. B. 295
Modern Literature: Between the Whirlpool and the Rock.....	Edmund Wilson 296
An American Tragedy.....	Stark Young 297
"Vivid" and His Pals.....	Robert Littell 298
Philosophy Hunting.....	Waldo Frank 300
Correspondence	301
Reviews of Books	
Inge on England.....	S. K. Ratcliffe 302
Franklin and Defoe.....	Robert Morss Lovett 303
The Basic Fact of Prohibition..	George E. G. Catlin 304
Current Fiction	306

The Week

THE election campaign comes to its end among universal and sometimes rather hysterical efforts of candidates to rouse the voters from their apathy—efforts which, so far as can be judged, are likely to prove unsuccessful in most states. In Massachusetts, President Coolidge has broken his rule of non-interference and written a letter endorsing Senator William M. Butler. This action is interpreted, and we think correctly, as indicating the weakness rather than the strength of the Senator's candidacy. The letter must have been received with mixed emotions by hard-pressed candidates in other states, who have pleaded in vain for the President's aid. In New York state, the real issue which is prohibition has been kept in the background and the centre of the stage given to the question of New York City's milk supply. The Republican gubernatorial candidate, Ogden L. Mills, asserts that much of this milk is adulterated, and that his opponent, Governor Al Smith, is morally responsible for the continuation of this condition. By this attack Mr. Mills has forced the fighting and kept the Governor on the defensive—but the betting odds remain strongly

in the latter's favor. In Indiana, last minute charges have been made before the U. S. Senate committee investigating primary elections that Senators Watson and Robinson have both been linked with the Ku Klux Klan. The statement will undoubtedly do both men harm, though most political observers believe they should still be able to win. The Klan is also an important issue in two other states, Colorado and Oklahoma. The main question in the election everywhere is, of course, prohibition. Nearly one-third of the people of the United States will vote on proposals for repeal of state laws, or in advisory referenda; and in other states where it is not actually on the ballot, it will prove the deciding factor. It is the only genuine national issue in the campaign.

THE Supreme Court in an important decision has ruled that the President can remove executive officers of the federal government from their positions without the consent of the Senate. Justices Holmes, Brandeis and McReynolds dissented, the last named using the strongest language, declaring the decision "revolutionary" and observing that men can now be removed arbitrarily by the President when formerly it was only possible in the case of malfeasance in office. Comment on the legal aspect of the decision should be postponed until the full text has been examined. It is legitimate to observe, however, that this decision greatly increases the already vast political powers of the President. It gives him a far closer grip on patronage so extensive in amount as to become, in the hands of a skilled politician, an almost irresistible weapon. In recent months the New Republic and other journals have criticized strongly the practice of President Coolidge, who, in appointing men to important federal posts, has demanded from them undated resignations in advance. The highly undesirable situation which was thus created has now become the standard, not for a few federal executive officers, but for all.

JUDGE WEBSTER THAYER has refused a new trial to Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti. An appeal will be taken from his decision to the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, and

probably to the Supreme Court of the United States, but in neither of these tribunals will the actual evidence, even the important new evidence, be reviewed. The only problem considered will be whether Judge Thayer's technical procedure in refusing the new trial was legally correct. In the near future, the New Republic will publish an extended comment on Judge Thayer's decision; but in the meantime it reaffirms the opinion which it has stated in the past: that Sacco and Vanzetti ought to have a new trial, and that their execution without being tried again would constitute a grave miscarriage of justice. They were tried at a moment when passions growing out of the War were running high, when every radical was regarded as potentially capable of any crime. Moreover, since the trial (which was not, as is popularly supposed, reviewed as to the facts by the Massachusetts Supreme Court) a mass of important new evidence has been uncovered—evidence which is not likely to be waved aside by a trial judge and jury so lightly as it is by Judge Thayer. We are glad to endorse the proposal of a conservative Boston newspaper, the *Herald*, that if the Supreme Judicial Court should fail to grant a new trial, the Governor of Massachusetts should summon to his aid an independent law committee of the most distinguished and able men of the state to reexamine the evidence and lay before him its findings. It is not Sacco and Vanzetti who are today on trial: it is Massachusetts justice.

BELGIUM is paying the price of virtue. Having accepted the American debt settlement, pledged an income from her national railways to retire part of her public debt, raised taxes and lowered expenses in an effort to balance her budget, she now announces stabilization of the franc at thirty-six to the dollar. This is to be accomplished, according to the official program, through the final measure of borrowing \$100,000,000 abroad for thirty years, on terms which yield the lenders approximately 7.5 per cent. If the program is successful, the following changes in financial status since before the War will have been fixed. Those holding pre-war debts, bonds and mortgages will find their property cut to about one-seventh of its former value. Those owning property or productive capital will find their pre-war debts correspondingly reduced. Railway rates and taxes will together consume a much larger proportion of the national income than before. The government can spend for current services a much smaller part of the national income than before. The difference will be largely piped off to new foreign creditors at high rates of interest. Belgium has lost to foreigners a goodly slice of her national income, and the distribution of the part left at home has been radically changed. Whether permanent prosperity can rest on such an economic basis remains to be seen. Stabilization is better than inflation, but the scars of inflation do not depart when the disease is cured.

QUEEN MARIE'S great American visit has turned out, to use the appropriate language of the theatre, a flop. King Ferdinand's annoyance, indicated in the cables, is well justified. The royal barnstorming tour, with its circus atmosphere, its frenzied undertones of quarreling and recrimination, its blatant financial aspect, as revealed in the series of concerts with seats at \$100 each—all this is certainly not calculated to do Rumania any good. On the contrary, opponents of the government have found the occasion an excellent one to point out some of the numerous things which are wrong in the kingdom, including injustice to racial minorities, cruelty to political prisoners and the complete suspension of free speech and a free press. Preliminary judgments are now seen to be justified. Nobody wanted Queen Marie to come—except Queen Marie; and if the estimable lady has not yet joined the majority on this subject, she soon will.

THE QUEEN might with advantage have taken a leaf from the book of the Prince of Wales. The astute individuals who handled that young man's American visit knew that while our citizens dearly loved royalty, what we love about it most of all is aloofness. Queen Marie on the other hand has aspired to be a popular idol by meeting demos face to face. She has tried to jam into a month's time a condensed version of a whole Rooseveltian career. She forgot that demos, having crowned its heroes with laurel, invariably proceeds to crown them also with pop bottles; and that the higher the pedestal, the sooner, surer and harder the fall. No matter how sweet the royal smile, after it has been turned on for eighteen hours a day, seven days a week, at dinners, luncheons, teas, receptions, military and naval reviews, theatrical performances, hotel balcony and train-platform appearances, automobile parades and sittings before the motion picture camera, it is bound to become too saccharine for the public taste. And how, when that happens, is Rumania to be aided in getting that longed for \$100,000,000 loan?

THE European press derived much amusement from the spectacle of America going mad over a Balkan queen, and we admit that the usual percentage of silly people have behaved in their usual silly way. It is disheartening to find in the best newspaper in America a third of a column devoted to the fact that the Queen lost one of her gloves while getting out of an automobile, but recovered it five minutes later. We cannot concede, however, that the phenomenon here witnessed is one peculiar to America. Our populace makes a fuss over royalty, because royalty visits us at infrequent intervals; but we can recall no demonstrations of hysteria on this side of the Atlantic in recent years to equal the actions of the European mob when Mary, Doug and Charlie went to Europe. If the American pot seems blacker than the continental kettle, it is because in this country we have taught our simple-

mind element to read—after a fashion—and have provided them with a vast proliferation of newspapers, in which their interests are faithfully reflected. But this experiment in literacy is, after all, nothing about which Europe has any right to be scornful.

GENE DEBS is dead, and the world's supply of kindness, sympathy and love is diminished by an amount it can ill spare. Debs was no keen analytical thinker. He was as far as possible from a Marx or a Lenin. His vision of a coming Socialist utopia was like primitive Christianity in its emphasis on brotherhood. Witnesses from every walk of life testify to the power of his personality; and it was his ability to make people like him which was the Socialist party's chief asset during the twenty years when he was its candidate for office. No more cruel irony of fate has been witnessed than the martyrdom of this man during the War on the charge of obstructing the draft and his incarceration for nearly three years. Refusal to pardon him must forever remain a blot on the memory of Woodrow Wilson.

HE was in prison for two and a half years of Harding's administration, and President Coolidge steadfastly refused to restore Debs's citizenship unless the Socialist leader would make a personal petition. Since such a request would in effect be an acknowledgment of wrongdoing, Debs refused to make it. He had admitted the utterances with which he was charged in court; he was willing to go to jail to express his abhorrence of war and his sympathy with the plain people who suffer from it most heavily. With him, willingness to share the lot of the common man, and to suffer for that willingness, was no mere flourish of oratory. No truer epitaph could be devised for him than the fine words he uttered at his 1918 trial:

Your Honor, years ago I recognized my kinship with all living beings, and I made up my mind that I was not one bit better than the meanest of the earth. I said then, and I say now, that while there is a lower class, I am in it; while there is a criminal element, I am of it; while there is a soul in prison, I am not free.

ECONOMIC power and political power should be kept separate lest government become so powerful as to be the master rather than the servant of the people." These fair words uttered by Mr. Ogden Mills as an argument against state development of hydro-electric resources, contain the kernel of perhaps the most popular political fallacy in this country. Private profit seekers may borrow money, build plants, hire labor, and sell service. The state may do exactly the same things. It can be argued that one agency is more efficient than the other, but hardly that in the first case the people are free and in the second case enslaved. What is the distinction anyway between economic power and political power? When one of the richest men in the United

States is made Secretary of the Treasury and leads his party, which has been carried into office by the money and influence of the masters of industry, in a taxation policy favorable to the well-to-do, we suppose Mr. Mills would say that economic power and political power are chastely separate and the people free. When the same man with the same support upholds the protective tariff, again we suppose economics and politics are innocent of each other's company. But when, in opposition to the economically powerful, it is proposed to bestow some benefit on the economically weak through the use of government, the terrible spectre of a bowing acquaintance between economics and politics is invoked. Stripped to the buff, the dogma means merely that political power may be used to increase or safeguard profits, but not to protect the general welfare.

A MOVEMENT sponsored by the American Civil Liberties Union, to be inaugurated by a protest meeting at the Community Church on November 1 at 8 P. M., in opposition to the sweeping injunction issued against the striking garment workers in New York by Justice Charles L. Guy, has the wholehearted sympathy of the New Republic. This injunction, based on affidavits presented by the employers alleging violence and coercion, prohibits not only the evils alleged, but every form of peaceful picketing and moral suasion. Neither the New Republic, nor any other commentator not an eyewitness, is in a position to judge whether the employers' affidavits or the union's denials of them are true. But this is just the point. Before it has been ascertained by any fair trial or other legal process whether they are true or not, the court issues the injunction on the basis of their declarations. This is the usual practice in labor injunctions, and one which, in our opinion, makes the use of the injunction against striking unions indefensible. Furthermore, even if the allegations are true, why should the power of the court be extended to cover other acts which ordinarily are perfectly legal? This equity process, originally intended to prevent irreparable injury, may inflict irreparable injury without just cause upon the union members. It is always possible that an injunction, issued on partisan allegations, may be proved to be unwarranted long after it has aided in the defeat of a strike. The way to enforce the law during a strike is not through courts of equity but by the police and the criminal courts. Employers who resort to injunction tactics, no matter how good their cause may be, are bound to forfeit intelligent public sympathy.

ON A circular track at Arlington, Virginia, heavy trucks made 62,200 circuits, equipped for about one-third of the time with non-skid chains. It was estimated that this was equivalent to eighteen years of traffic on the average highway. One section of the track was paved with 4-inch brick, one with 3½-inch, and so on in half-inch sizes down to two.

Although for fifty years 4-inch paving has been standard, the tests showed that if all sizes had the same firm foundation the 2½-inch would be adequate for heavy traffic and the 2-inch for lighter traffic. This means an annual saving of about two million dollars to the taxpayers. The tests were carried on by the Bureau of Public Roads, U. S. Department of Agriculture. This incident is related merely as an example of the enormous savings to consumers that may be achieved through proper testing and purchasing.

Why Voters Don't Vote

ON Wednesday, November 3, the newspapers will announce the victory or defeat of the candidates of the two parties in the several states of the American Union, but about the most serious and costly defeat which has taken place on the day before, they will have nothing to say. The American people as a self-governing democracy will have suffered a complete and inglorious defeat no matter what party or what candidates win; and they will to some extent have inflicted this reverse upon themselves. A democracy which cannot produce anything of importance to vote about is bound to lose an election. No doubt adroit professional politicians are doing their best to evade or frustrate the expression of what popular purpose there is, but they could not succeed if the American nation either possessed a common political mind or was laboring to achieve one. The people for the time being have no lucid or vigorous conscious will either to assert or to have frustrated. In spite of their democratic tradition and their boasted gift for self-government, they are for the moment politically impotent. They submit callously or hopelessly or frivolously to being governed by an oligarchy which controls all the mechanism of power.

The proofs of their abdication as sovereign are plastered conspicuously on every panel of the political poster board. In the Presidential election of two years ago, at a moment when, according to the Republican orators, the radicalism of LaFollette was endangering the political and economic institutions of the country, only about half the eligible voters were sufficiently interested in preserving social order to go to the polls and register a choice. In the present election the percentage of voters will probably be even smaller. From all over the country come reports of popular indifference. The campaign committees of both parties have taken alarm and have sent out special speakers with instructions to exhort their audiences to do their duty as voters. Civic organizations of all kinds all over the country are carrying on a similar propaganda. The radio and that ideal radio broadcaster, President Coolidge, have officially denounced the non-voting citizen as a contemptible slacker. Finally the machines are exerting themselves mightily to

increase the registration—particularly in states like New York, Massachusetts, Illinois and Missouri, in which the Senatorial elections promise to be exceedingly close. Yet in spite of these efforts, both party scouts and disinterested observers continue to report an indifference so general and so tangible that in many states the decision is likely to be determined by the ability of the machines to poll their merely supine or corrupted followers.

In view of their own share of the responsibility for the sterility of their party contests, the sermons by politicians about the high duty of voting are merely an invitation to cynicism. When they advise their public to renounce political levity and lethargy, they are behaving very much as Satan would if he advised his followers to renounce death as the wages of sin. The wailing by the politicians over the shrinkage of the proportion of American citizens who vote is sheer hypocrisy. Of course in any close election, they try hard to poll votes for their own candidates, but in general the scarcer the voters and the more complete their stupidity and indifference, the more power to the politicians.

Yet the politicians are not anything like exclusively responsible for the present impotence and stagnation of American national politics. They are the result chiefly of the gradual disintegration of the social democracy whose vitality accounted for the former American success in the art of self-government. During the space of two generations the equalitarian democracy of the early Republic has been steadily undermined by radical changes in the habits and composition of the American people. There has been a gradual shift of the seat of power from the country to the city, from agriculture to industry and from the small but independent real property-owner to the wage-earner, the salaried worker and the dependent share-holder. Of course the small town and the country still contain almost 50 percent of the population, but many of their inhabitants in the East and Middle West earn their living by supplying local urban markets with food, and these rural communities share the interests and some of the prosperity of the cities. These cities, particularly the largest ones in the wealthiest and most populous states, are now largely inhabited by citizens of alien birth and parentage, who have few social contacts with one another or with the descendants of the early comers who occupy most of the positions in economic and social power. The American Republic is no longer a like-minded community whose citizens are socially educated for mutual consultation, discussion and understanding. Its population is mixed but not mixing. It is subjection to common institutions, common habits, common standards and common compulsions which holds them together rather than common feelings, a common outlook and an allegiance to well understood traditions and ideas.

The disintegration of the homogeneous territorial democracy of the middle period of American

history has brought grave and unfortunate but still somewhat obscure political consequences. The American form of government, party system and democratic tradition all originated in a society which was composed of individual units with a similar experience, similar interests and a similar outlook, and they are unfitted to the more complicated, more highly organized and more deeply divided American society of today. The American people are now classified not only into local but into extremely diversified cultural, economic and professional groups, whose members have few personal contacts or little community of economic interest and who often cannot talk the same moral language. The powers of communication among the different compartments of American society have been seriously impaired. Its members are marshaled by law and by virtue of social organization and authority into one army, but they find it increasingly difficult to march under any recognized leadership in any single direction. They have very little power of deliberately deciding to do anything different from what they have been doing and then in holding on to their purpose. They scarcely seem able to undertake legislative and administrative experiments, record and watch the results and profit by the lesson of the experience.

Twice during the past forty years the American people have at a national election conferred on the Democratic party a mandate to lower the tariff on imports. Twice that party has framed and passed a moderate revision of the protective system which a few years later was revoked without having endured long enough to render possible a mature verdict as to its results. Several times during the past thirty years the American people have indicated that they would like to curb the political and economic power of large corporations, but they have never found any satisfactory method of carrying out their intention and at present they are uneasily and suspiciously acquiescing in a government which is peculiarly friendly to big business. During the progressive agitation of 1906 to 1914 the reformers passed a great deal of legislation which was intended to increase popular political power and responsibility, but while they bestowed more votes on more voters, their reforms have resulted in a more rather than a less impotent electorate. During their intervention in the War the American people appeared for a year and a half to be willing to make any sacrifice for European peace and welfare, but by the fall of 1919 they had reverted to an aggressive repudiation of transatlantic responsibilities. They also took an extremely important and apparently final decision when the states ratified the prohibition amendment. Yet the incorporation of this reform in the Constitution settled nothing. Indeed it unsettled the Constitution more than it settled a national policy or promoted prohibition. So it goes with proposed political movements in the United States. They are called but not chosen. They start

but they do not finish. Is it any wonder that the American people yawn when party politicians talk about reviving the tariff issue, that they are cynical rather than ashamed when presented with the evidence of political corruption, that they are indifferent to fine political projects and sceptical about noble political ideas and callous about official political duties?

The surplus attention which as a self-governing democracy the American people would ordinarily give to politics is being diverted into more alluring channels. As never before, they are seeking self-forgetfulness and distraction in the pursuit of exciting amusements. The occupations by which they earn their livings have become in an increasing number of instances monotonous, tiresome and emotionally barren. The great majority of them are condemned to routine work which in the beginning may hold some promise for the future but which finally depletes their original fund of versatility and energy. As long as they are young, they compensate by dancing and promiscuous love-making, but as they grow older they tend more and more to satisfy their craving for excitement vicariously by an interest in prize-fights, professional baseball, snappy stories and the sentimental dramatization of life which they obtain from the popular press and the movies. All this business, sport and the pursuit of excitement are carried on in the midst of a general orgy of joy-riding. The sovereign American people, like the kings of old, are furiously dissipating the energy which they, according to the theory, should use in beautifying or governing their own nation.

The low popular political morale offers to the vested political and business interests of the country a rare opportunity to intrench themselves in power, of which they are naturally taking full advantage. As long as the American nation is politically paralyzed, it cannot move in the direction of a socially controlled national economy. The interests which profit from the lack of such control are consequently perfectly satisfied with the results of the political game as it is now being played, and notwithstanding occasional scruples they are doing and will do nothing to free the American political body from its ineptitude. On the contrary, while they officially deplore the prevailing apathy and corruption, they idealize the inertia with which these evils are associated. They are perfectly willing to have the practical energy of the American nation devoted to an irresponsible contribution to the productivity of their businesses and its surplus energy scattered in the pursuit of exciting diversions, the craving for which it is extremely profitable to satisfy. They tend, consequently, to proclaim progressive activity in religion, social life, art and politics as equivalent to disorder. They are erecting inertia and *laissez faire* to a sacred political and social principle.

Such is a glimpse of the process of enervation which the American body politic is undergoing in

its gradual abdication of the function of self-government. It will have to deal in the near future with problems as dangerous and as unprecedented as those which any political body has ever faced. For it is accumulating and concentrating wealth, abandoning itself to the service of machinery, wasting its natural resources and entangling its citizens in a web of special loyalties and associations more recklessly than any previous or contemporary nation. It cannot either let these problems alone or handle them with its traditional equipment. In order to avoid disaster it will have to steer a novel and a steady course under the influence of a robust, flexible, candid and progressive public opinion, and that is precisely the instrument of which the American people are now allowing themselves to be deprived. The well-spring of ideas which make up their political self-consciousness is being polluted at the source. In order to realize ideas in politics a nation has to act persistently and intelligently as if they were true. The American nation is temporarily unable to act as if ideas were true. Their recent crusades have not been very successful, and they are either disillusioned or frankly cynical. They realize intermittently that the ideas which are preached to them are mostly propaganda, but they are too credulous and distracted not to mix a great deal of acquiescence with a great deal of doubt. In the end they always submit to what they take to be realities, and the realities of American life at present are determined by what the American vested interests possess and propose to keep.

The Free Trade Protectionists

IT may be thought an absurdity that American financiers should advocate reduced tariffs and lowered trade barriers as an aid to European recovery, but not as a stimulus to the prosperity of the United States. Now that Secretary Mellon has explained the matter, however, no further doubts will be entertained. His explanation is ingenious, and probably convincing to most readers unversed in economics.

The United States, he declares, is unlike Europe because it is already a great economic unit without tariff barriers among its states. If there were tariffs separating the sections of this country we should quickly lose our economic leadership. "The purpose of the policy in Europe is to provide a territory large enough to contain raw materials, manufactures and a market so that industry may function where coal and iron and laborers are convenient and food may be produced where conditions for its production are favorable. No such limitation exists in the United States." Later it appears in his argument that we are not after all quite self-sufficing, having imported in seven months of this year \$1,200,000,000 worth of crude materials—but these, he says, are largely on the free list.

So far this is perfectly good free trade doctrine. Get your materials and food where they can be best and cheapest secured, do your manufacturing in the most suitably located place, do not interfere with the movement of goods, and everybody will be better off. We practice this ~~vicious~~ within the United States whereas Europe as a whole does not, and consequently Europe needs tariff reduction while we—within our own borders—do not. Granted. But, having gone this far, why is it of any advantage to have a protective barrier around the United States? Would Europe, having abolished internal restrictions, do better to raise a tariff on the continental borders? Why does not the same reasoning apply as between continents? What the argument proves is merely that European nations need tariff reduction more than we do, not that we do not need it.

There is, says Mr. Mellon, a still greater distinction between the United States and Europe. Our standard of living is the same throughout the nation; standards of living are the same throughout Europe; but the American standard of living is higher than that of Europe. This higher standard of living, declares Mr. Mellon, is due to our protective tariff. One would like to see the data on which these statements are based. A few tentative international comparisons of real wages in a few trades have been made; they are not solid enough to withstand sceptical analysis. Granting their authority, they show real wages to be much higher in the protected United States than in free trade Great Britain. Unfortunately for the argument, however, they show real wages to be much higher in free trade Britain, than in protected Germany and France. There is apparently as much difference among the standards of living in European nations as there is between ours—granting it is level—and any European average. And there is no correlation between tariff policy and relative living standards.

One goes back to Mr. Mellon's first argument. May it not be that the United States' prosperity is due, not to its bordering tariff, but to its internal free trade? It is surely one of the largest free trade areas in the world. Or may the prosperity of the United States not be due to the fact that, given internal free trade, it has a remarkably rich assortment and convenient arrangement of power resources, raw materials and population?

Tariffs, according to Mr. Mellon, are for the purpose of protecting manufacture, and are thus responsible for American prosperity. One infers that without protection we should have had no manufactures. Yet in the very next sentence he refers to "improved methods and quantity production" which have enabled us to "make and distribute at a relatively low price, considering the high cost of labor. In many lines we more than meet foreign competition with its low labor costs." This introduces another factor of doubt. There

are many fabricated products in which we can and do compete successfully with foreign manufacturers regardless of tariffs or wage differentials. A hostile critic might also mention other products, such as textiles, where tariffs have not brought prosperity.

The purchasing power of the employed and well rewarded American wage-earner is worth more to the world, says the Secretary, than an absence of tariff barriers would be. The inference is that our tariff supplies employment and wages. If this is true for us, why is it not true separately for Germany, France, Czechoslovakia, Austria and Italy? Because—he would probably reply—these are not self-contained economic units. But neither are we. If we were completely self-contained, we should have no foreign trade. We are more nearly self-contained than Europe and are therefore more prosperous, but that does not prove that the tariff has helped us or enlarged our purchases of foreign products. At one point Mr. Mellon mentions the large amount of sugar we purchase from Cuba. Does he maintain that we should not purchase more Cuban sugar if our beet sugar industry were not protected? To do so implies that the American capital and labor employed in raising sugar beets would have found no other and more efficient use in case the beet sugar industry had not been artificially stimulated. Suppose, for example, it had gone into automobile production, and the market for our automobiles had been correspondingly enlarged in Cuba through the purchasing power arising there from our enlarged cane sugar purchases. The United States would benefit by cheaper sugar. Cuba would benefit by more automobiles. Everybody would gain by the more efficient use of productive power.

Mr. Mellon refers to the Aluminum Company of America, which has power resources and deposits of bauxite in many parts of the world, which can hire labor in foreign lands cheaper than in the United States, and which still manufactures in the United States because of the protective tariff. If, he says, the tariff were abolished, the company would proceed to exploit its resources abroad instead of developing manufacture in America. Let us take this statement at face value. Would the result be entirely deleterious? Several things would be likely to happen. The purchasing power of those Americans not engaged in the manufacture of aluminum would be enlarged by the lower aluminum prices—provided the Aluminum Company, as a monopoly, did not retain the extra profits of cheap foreign production. Those Americans who might otherwise be attracted to aluminum manufacture would seek employment in some industry which can compete internationally and which is consequently more efficient. And the increased demand for foreign labor caused by the Company's capital expansion abroad would tend to increase foreign wages, which therefore would be less competitive.

There is no theoretical gainsaying the general

economic advantages of free trade so well expounded at the beginning of Mr. Mellon's argument, no matter how large the geographical area under consideration. One can, of course, argue the strategic necessity for war of developing certain industries, such as chemicals, within national boundaries. But there is no direct economic advantage in fostering by protection any industry which would not thrive without it.

The trouble is, of course, not with the general theory, but with the application. The theory assumes that capital and labor are mobile. So they are, in the long run, but their movement is accompanied by grunts and squeaks and causes much temporary pain. Once you have built up a protected industry, that industry sees no advantage in the abolition of protection. And even many general advantages which might be derived from reduced duties would be delayed by the pangs of readjustment. The Aluminum Company of America might not be able to maintain a world monopoly as easily as it does an American one; if tariffs were cut it might have to sell aluminum more cheaply to American consumers. Or if it dismantled its American plants the workmen might have a hard time finding jobs in a more efficient industry. In spite of the obvious good sense of the bankers' advice to Europe, European tariffs are not likely to be drastically reduced, because so many think about their own interests just as Mr. Mellon does about his.

We are inclined to think that drastic tariff revision in either direction is, for the United States, a game hardly worth the candle. It involves some temporary loss due to uncertainty and price readjustments, whereas business thrives on stability. And, since we do not believe that American industry depends on tariffs to any great extent, we also do not believe that an absence of tariffs would lower prices much in this country. Everybody admits that if the United States took the tariff off wheat, wheat would not sell more cheaply than it does—the tariff is largely ineffective, anyway, because wheat raising is a competitive industry with a surplus to dispose of. Much the same story may be told of textiles. And more and more industries are finding it to their advantage to sell many units cheaply with a heavy turnover rather than a few goods at a high price. There is more important game in the woods than the tariff for those who are after generally distributed economic benefit. It is worth while, however, to puncture wherever it appears the aged Republican claim to having created American industry through a high tariff policy. This enables the Republicans to cherish other unsound projects behind the screen of a deployment to defend this great fetish of politics. Protection for the United States is simply a not very disastrous mistake. It is pretty sure to wither away with the passage of time. For the present, the antics of the free-trade protectionists may furnish us some amusement.

What Labor Banks Must Do

OF ALL the recent new activities of the American labor movement, labor banking has already proved to be the most fruitful. Some of the labor banks have, even in the short period of their existence, shown that a type of coöperative financial service can be developed which is bound in the long run to have a profound effect on private financial practice in this country. The growth of these institutions has far exceeded all reasonable expectations. However, it remains true now and always will that the success or failure of this movement will depend directly on the ability of organized labor to construct an adequate machinery of administration and to collect a skilled and responsible personnel.

The closing recently of the Brotherhood Savings and Trust Company of Pittsburgh should turn the attention of all interested persons to these basic problems. It is obvious that banks, under whatever management, will sometimes fail, whether because of the dishonest or unskilled conduct of their affairs; yet the problems of labor banks are likely for a long time to be peculiar and to require special handling.

Labor banks must, first of all, make increasing use of the large numbers of persons, not members of the organized labor movement, who have the knowledge and experience requisite to the careful and successful management of a bank. With rare exceptions, not many persons so equipped are now to be found in the movement. As time passes, their number will grow. Meanwhile the trade unions should draw on those who now have the proper equipment and not wait until they have educated and trained their own men. To manage a bank properly involves setting up an elaborate system of checks on the daily detailed operations of an institution. For this purpose there are available in every large American city many men and women, experienced in all phases of industry, investment, real estate and commerce, not only willing but eager to lend their services to such institutions as labor banks. It has been one of the outstanding achievements of this young movement, that it has in some instances assembled many such persons, who see in labor banks a fresh opportunity to satisfy their inclination for public service and who have already made invaluable contributions as members of an executive committee or of the various advisory groups associated with the multifarious functions of a financial institution.

A second requirement, of no less importance, is frequent and expert audit. Audit facilities are now provided by such agencies as the Federal Reserve Banks, the local Clearing House, and the State Banking Departments. But for their own full protection and the reputation of the movement, organized labor should make every effort to add to this ordinary machinery of investigation and audit. Both its immediate and remote sponsors cannot af-

ford to know too little about its affairs. Whether it likes it or not, and whether it has a formal connection or not, the American Federation of Labor will bear the moral responsibility for the defects and defaults of the banks of its constituent unions. It would be the better part of wisdom for the Federation to create an auditing service of its own, in order to make quick and independent audits of those labor banks in whose healthy condition it has a moral if not a financial interest. The direct gains of such a department, in more careful management, would be unquestionable; and the indirect gains, by way of comparative information regarding the practices of the various banks and the effects of diverse policies, would be not less valuable. Labor banking will disregard one of its most important functions if it overlooks its educational by-product.

Just because the enterprise of labor banking has received extensive and favorable publicity, the public should be cautioned to pin its faith only to institutions owned and managed by responsible labor organizations. It should carefully scrutinize the list of promoters and organizers of both new and existing labor banks and make certain that they are not managed by irresponsible individuals whose relation to the labor movement is personal and not official. Labor banks depend for their growth on public confidence and support. Under the circumstances it would appear politic for the administrations of the various unions to disclaim or accept responsibility for banks which purport to be the official institution of specific unions or groups of unions.

These suggested improvements in the management of labor banks could all be accomplished without any sacrifice of a new and progressive policy of coöperative banking. Centralized and responsible audit would in fact furnish an essential test of the practicability of alternative policies. Experts from the outside, far from throwing the weight of their influence against the coöperative principle, could in general be expected to support it, because it has been the coöperative notion that has enlisted their interest and captured their imagination.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1926, IN THE U. S., BY
THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT, DANIEL MEBANE, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY BRUCE BLIVEN ROBERT LITTELL
ALVIN JOHNSON GEORGE SOULE STARK YOUNG
ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

JANE ADDAMS JOHN DEWEY EDMUND WILSON
GILBERT SELDES E. C. LINDEMAN LEO WOLMAN
WALDO FRANK

RATES: SINGLE COPIES, FIFTEEN CENTS; YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION,
FIVE DOLLARS; CANADIAN, FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS;
FOREIGN, SIX DOLLARS; THREE MONTHS' TRIAL, ONE DOLLAR

Sister Aimee

Mrs. McPherson (Saint or Sinner?) and Her Flock

THEY call her Sister. Sister Aimee, they say, and she answers in kind, Brother Jones, Sister Smith. Brothers, Sisters, all. . . . Communism? No. Lodge ritual? Not at all. Religion. Fundamentalist religion: the most remarkable exhibition of latter-day evangelism (and of several other things) to be found at present anywhere in these more or less remarkable United States.

Aimee Semple McPherson is her name. Founder of Angelus Temple ("of the Four-Square Gospel") in the paradise of all religious fanatics of every fifty-seventh variety, Los Angeles, California. A woman in the middle thirties, handsome, glowing, possessed of extraordinary personal radiance and charm. An evangelist for many years and in many cities. ("I began preaching on street corners to farmers in overalls. With my first \$60 I bought a tent.") Dedicated by her mother, before she was born, to the work of the Lord. Has buried one husband and divorced another. Has two half-grown children, who are being brought up rather casually, now boarded out on a ranch, now under foot in a revival hall. Is a strict, old-fashioned "Bible-Christian," of the shouting type. Believes in a literal Devil presiding over a literal hell, inhabited by card-players, dance-hall frequenters, drunkards, dope-peddlers, wicked women. ("I had rather see my children dead than in a public dance-hall.")

Her Angelus Temple, where the Four-Square Gospel is preached, is a vast porticoed building half-way between downtown Los Angeles and that not unknown part of the city which still persists in calling itself Hollywood. It is the finest thing of its kind in the world. Its huge auditorium holds goodness knows how many thousands of persons; but however many, never enough. Every Sunday morning, in this city where each family, rich or poor, has at least one automobile, the streets around the temple present a problem to the police like a Yale-Harvard football game. Thousands of cars packed like dominoes in a box. Tens of thousands of eager, would-be communicants, only a fraction of whom will ever squeeze their way in to see the far-away tiny figure in white beside the altar and the microphone, buoyant, eager, on tiptoe, shouting her message, the message which is so exactly, to a hair's breadth, what you would expect. And for every one in this crowd, count ten—ten? a hundred!—sitting at home by the radio, drinking it all in, while the Sunday chicken browns in the oven.

What sort of people make up this audience, so vast, so adoring? They are, not unnaturally, rather simple people. They incline to the elderly, the Middle Western. Some of them, it is clear, are emotionally unstable, destined from childhood to become fanatic followers of one cult or another. Indeed, it is notorious that some of them are in the habit of shopping around in this cafeteria of creeds, trying theosophy in January, Christian Science in June, raw foods and New Thought in October, Coué and internal baths in December. (The juxtaposition is not so unreasonable as it seems: there is some relation between auto-suggestion and auto-intoxication.) Others have an inferiority complex, and find compensation for it in thus becoming part of an army, an army with such beautiful bright banners, marching behind the Lord and Sister Aimee to give battle to the hosts of hell. Some are bored by thirty years of hoeing corn, or cooking beans for harvesters, and the simple drama of this fight against sin is as red calico to a South Sea Islander. Finally, many have joined for the best of all reasons: because everybody else has.

It is an audience which combines mental mediævalism with an astonishing up-to-dateness in the physical realm. It is always first to adopt new inventions. Its homes are full of electric refrigerators, washing-machines and new-type phonographs, its garages contain 1927 automobiles. It utilizes the breath-taking new marvels of the radio in order to hear rigid ancient doctrines expounded by persons whose minds are closed to everything this side of Dec. 31, 1858, and it sees nothing incongruous in joining (over the radio) in a moment of silent prayer—silent, that is, except for the hum of the B-battery eliminator. It even listens in, once a week, at a radio baptism service, at which the microphone hears the water splashing as four—or forty—converts take their total immersions.

It has money. The offerings taken up at Angelus Temple week by week run into frightening sums. A large "radio collection" is received by mail. Hardly a day's campaign was needed to raise the funds when Sister Aimee wanted a new \$5,000 car (her last year's \$3,500 one was getting positively shabby). Not much more time was consumed in collecting \$75,000 for the new private radio broadcasting station. It is not uncommon for some devout communicant to make a donation to pay for thirty minutes' broadcasting (at a fixed hourly rate); and you may hear the Temple announce that "we will now have an extra period of music and prayer through the courtesy of Sister J. J. Cornplanter of

7862 Ocean Boulevard, Santa Monica." Troubled souls write in asking special prayers on their behalf; and these are duly broadcast, for the benefit of an Old Testament God and all receiving sets tuned to the proper wave length.

Sister Aimee loves luxury, and she gets it, too. Locusts and wild honey are not in her doctor's diet list. She likes to live at the best hotels, now that she can afford it, to travel in state, enjoying life when she isn't working (and she works hard enough to kill four robust men). Her clothes are simple, but it is the simplicity of the Rue de la Paix and not of the mountaineer's little gal. She loves nice things; and you just know she wears them.

The Sister is a world figure now. When she disappeared in May, only the Los Angeles papers went mad. While they were devoting six pages a day to her, New York buried the story in a quarter column on page 29. But no more. In the recent weeks of her trial, column after column was daily flashed from Southern California to every part of the so-called civilized world. In most districts in the United States she has far outdistanced even Queen Marie, Peaches Browning, and that Old Faithful word-geyser, the Hall-Mills case. This, as every editor knows, is as it should be. Of the unfailing heart-string pluckers, the Peaches Browning case has money and sex; Queen Marie, sex and snobbery; the Hall-Mills case, sex, crime and mystery; but Aimee's Affair has sex, money, mystery, crime and the invaluable unique aspect, which these others can only envy: religion.

Faint echoes of the interest Aimee has evoked among her fellow citizens of Los Angeles (pronounce the g hard, as in Los Angletworm, please) have reached the outside world; but no one can conceive the frantic pitch of their frenzy without visiting the town. The day of her disappearance was a veritable St. Bartholomew's of the spirit, for her followers—and the impression one got as he moved about the city was that they must number at least half the population.

On the street car the conductor asked you for news, or told the latest rumor, as he took your nickel, and the other passengers freely joined in with their own views at the greatest length. (A notion seriously advanced was that jealous confrères in the Ministerial Union had done away with her.) At twenty-minute intervals newsboys ran through the streets bearing fresh extras with false news; her body had been found, she had been seen in Winnipeg, the kidnappers had made their demand for ransom, she was in a Los Angeles hotel, her body had been washed out to sea. Some of the newspapers—not all—behaved pretty badly, making up their fakes for one edition in order to deny them an hour later. And meanwhile, Aimee's radio was pumping away all day and far into the night, while hundreds of thousands listened in. Aimee's

mother, Aimee's adolescent daughter, Aimee's assistants, offered radio prayers, sermons, hymns, sandwiched in among the news reports which said: "No news."

Long before her reappearance, the Sister Aimee mystery had had some serious consequences. While it was still generally supposed that she had been drowned, one man died as the result of exposure endured while diving for her body. Another odd result of her escapade was that many worthy gentry in San Francisco, engaged in the bootleg business, lost huge sums. Los Angeles gets much of its large supply of alcoholic liquor from ships which lie offshore in the Pacific Ocean and put cargoes on the beach from small boats. During the first fortnight that she was gone, hundreds of devoted disciples tramped the strand day and night waiting for her body to wash ashore. Naturally the followers are all militant drys, who would simply love to snitch on a rum runner. The men with the wet goods were forced to move up to San Francisco and dispose of their cargoes there. This brought about a bad oversupply, even for that thirsty community; prices broke; and many a hard-working dealer went quietly, anonymously bankrupt. All because of Sister.

Are there any freshly arrived Martians in my audience? If so, for their benefit alone let me recount the chapters in Aimee's story—in capsule form, like the account of a European revolution in a tabloid newspaper.

Chapter I: Aimee goes to the beach on May 18. Dons a bathing suit and disappears.

Chapter II: Aimee turns up at Agua Prieta, Mexico (near Douglas, Arizona) on June 22. Says she was kidnapped, held for ransom, tortured. While left unguarded, sawed her bonds in two on the rough edges of some tin cans, escaped, walked far across the desert to safety.

Chapter III: Her story is investigated, found to lack substantiation, seems at variance with other known facts. The state of California finally alleges that she was not kidnapped, but spent ten days at Carmel, an artists' and writers' seaside colony near San Francisco, with Kenneth G. Ormiston, former operator of Aimee's radio station. The state alleges she was goggled and veiled to conceal her identity, but incautiously wrote grocery slips with her own hand. (These slips disappeared one day while locked in a room with a grand jury.)

Chapter IV: One Mrs. Lorraine Wiseman-Seilaff appears (in August) to corroborate Sister Aimee. She says that Miss X of Carmel was someone else, and she can produce her to make an affidavit to that effect. And she does. And Miss X does. She turns up—heavily veiled, sure enough!—in Salinas, a sleepy inland town near Carmel, and swears; and the notary public, as a notary public would, takes a lock of her hair for reference.

Chapter V: Mrs. Lorraine Wiseman-Seilaff suddenly repudiates her former story. She says she was hired by Sister Aimee to manufacture an alibi; that with Sister Aimee's money she in turn bribed a Miss Rachel Wells of Philadelphia to come and be Miss X to satisfy public demand for a confession by the not-very-celibate lady Carmelite.

Chapter VI: Sister replies that Mrs. W.-S. was in an insane asylum in Salt Lake City for several weeks in 1915, and that, anyhow, the Miss X of Salinas was not Rachel Wells but Mrs. Virla Kimball of Oakland. Mrs. Kimball, a twin sister of Mrs. Wiseman-Seilaff, indignantly denies that she had anything to do with the affair. She is a respectable matron and has, as she almost constantly mentions, five children of her own.

Chapter VII: Kenneth G. Ormiston had disappeared as soon as the thunder began to rumble; and now whole flocks of telegrams are received from the Eastern United States and Canada purporting to be from him, offering to give himself up and tell all, if promised immunity.

There are other gorgeous aspects of this incredible case, but space hardly permits that they even be catalogued. There is the blind attorney who promised to find for Aimee one of her kidnappers and then was killed in an automobile accident on the day she needed him most. Thereupon, naturally, this attorney's young lady secretary, in a spirit of innocent merriment, went out and hired a waterfront character, put fake whiskers on him, photographed him and showed the picture to Sister. She identified him at once, beyond a doubt, as Steve, the wickedest of her kidnappers, who laughed, Ha-ha! and burned her with cigar stubs. There is the heartless assistant district attorney, who came back from Arizona with Sister and says she painted dark circles under her eyes before she went out to face the vast hysterical throng of her worshipers. There is the other mean man who wandered out on the desert and found footprints, made by shoes of the size Sister wears, not across the trackless waste, but beside the fresh imprint of an automobile.

What does Sister Aimee say to all these charges? Fortunately, we do not need to rely upon dull court records for her answer. Not only does she try her case nightly over the radio from her own station while all Southern California listens in, but she has written out her defense in the form of a widely published newspaper serial, copyrighted by the Editors' Feature Service. Under the title, Saint or Sinner?—Did I Go from Pulpit to Paramour? Sister Aimee has vigorously denounced her accusers and defended her own innocence. The whole trial, she explains, has been trumped up by the underworld in revenge for her efforts as moral crusader:

I have waged unrelenting battle with the *Bat-like Demons from Hell* [italics Sister's] and they fear me and revile me as the Devil hates holy water. . . .

What brought about District Attorney Keyes's change of belief?

Did the overlords of the underworld who are fighting me, and who are heavily interested in Los Angeles, have anything to do with it?

In fighting her, she feels they are really attacking the Lord:

"Scheme, scheme, scheme" cry the pack, snarling at my heels, biting at God's cloak. . . . It isn't me that my detractors hurt—they do not realize that they are striking at God in their attempt to pull down His temple. . . . Already the wraths of Heaven are descending upon those who have accused me. . . . It is not I, but they, the detractors of His servant, who will soon be in the Hades of torment.

And over and over she repeats:

I am being crucified by the very bats of hell, who have gone the limit in perfidy; brutal, conscienceless, hardly human. . . . They have gone to the extent of the mummer's art in "making up" women to look like me and pose in questionable places as Sister Aimee. . . . Colonel Denman [a hotel manager] is gravely mistaken. He has mistaken a woman who, through the machinations of the underworld, impersonated me at his hotel to bring forth just this very statement from a man of impeccable veracity.

Sometimes she is pessimistic:

I am going to prison. I know it.

And again she is comforted:

I have had a revelation. It is that Steve and Rose will of their choosing come into court and substantiate every assertion I have made. I am POSITIVE that this will come about. I have prayed for that. . . . Around me swirls a hurricane of slander, false accusations, malicious misrepresentation, detractions, calumny.

But it leaves me unscathed. God has seen to that. Hallelujah!

Sister's case is still in progress as I write, and I shall not seek to anticipate the result. Whatever happens, however, be sure of one thing: that most of her flock will be faithful still. They would be faithful if she went to San Quentin prison; I believe if she were to make public confession of sin they would continue unfaltering, in the belief that the devil had temporarily taken possession of her but was now ousted again.

After all, even committing a murder was to J. Frank Norris of Texas, and to his congregation, only a casual incident in the fight against modernism. Is the seventh commandment to be held more inviolable than the sixth? Not so: to the true Fundamentalist *nothing* presents any moral counterclaim, compared with spreading his doctrines. Nothing.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

From a Geneva Note Book

I

SO many people have been to Geneva and viewed the League of Nations in action that all general descriptions of it would seem to be superfluous. The first bit of advice I received after arriving in Geneva was from an elderly Japanese gentleman who said I had been wise to come. The League idea, he said, could be grasped at home and the general plan of the League could be learned from books and papers anywhere; but the machinery which operated on behalf of the idea and a realization of the plan in action could only be understood by seeing it work. He might have added, as far as I was concerned, that nine-tenths of what the League is and does was learned by me after I arrived there, not by home reading. To some people the most interesting thing in the world is a new experiment in government. I found at Geneva the atmosphere which I have been taught to believe surrounded the forefathers of our country when they began, in defiance of world opinion, to operate the new Constitution of the United States. It is true that this experiment is wholly confined to international affairs, one limited aspect of any government's activities. It is also true that the danger of a super-government seems strangely absent—probably because government representatives, working openly and directly answerable for their decisions to the governments and parliaments in their own countries, appear more responsible than in the past where small international groups worked together in secret, making commitments which eventually involved their own countries. The delegates at Geneva have, doubtless, never heard the modern psychological jargon about "the integration of conflict," nor have they had time to debate with reactionaries about the unchangeable instincts of human nature. But in every attempt to reach a decision with respect to international affairs (and it is well to remember that the League of Nations deals only with this phase of national life) it was evident that the idea of "union" was so strong that it usually overcame the more selfish national impulses which obviously were struggling against it.

Is this dominant idea of "union" based upon some remote ideal which in practical affairs is likely to disappear? Perhaps the most notable feature of the League of Nations in action is the fact that the idea, or ideal, of conducting international affairs in the interests of the world as a whole and by agreement is gradually overcoming the old idea (shall we still call it ideal?) of strife in world affairs, created by conflicting national interests. Nobody can discredit this dominating determination for "union." It contains the something which Lincoln recognized as having become a reality in the United States—

the something to which he appealed as more real than the opposition to slavery and more sacred than the right to secede. The League of Nations is actually attempting a new experiment in government, in so far as it relates to international affairs.

II

What happened at this particular meeting of the Assembly in September, 1926? The scene is laid in the big Hall of the Reformation, like a huge shabby school room with the teacher's desk raised on a dais at one end. High up are two narrow galleries which run around three sides of the bare walls—galleries which inadequately house all visitors and the press. Covering the floor are desks and each little group of desks bears the name of a country—France, Holland, Japan, Persia, etc.

On the first day of this year's session, after a brief report recommending action and outlining procedure, the countries proceeded to ballot on the membership of Germany in the League and her assignment to a permanent seat in the Council. As the name of each nation was called its chief delegate walked to the platform and placed a ballot slip in a plain box—Chamberlain for England, Briand for France, John Loudon for Holland, Nansen for Norway, dropped their papers and silently retired. The votes were counted and found to be unanimously favorable. The next day the president announced that the German delegation would be seated. One group of desks marked *Allemagne* stood vacant. At the side under the gallery a dusty curtain parted and Doctor Stresemann, with his delegation behind him, walked to his place, apparently oblivious to the applause which greeted them. In a few moments he was called to the platform and read a cordial and dignified address in German—some of it for home consumption.

The drama was so far painfully restrained in relation to the feelings of the audience, but the speech of Briand of France released the tension. As he walked to the dais and turned to address the League and his old foes he seemed to hold them all, as one man, in the hollow of his hand. There was not a dangerous note that he did not courageously strike in his address. He recalled the War but asked his hearers to follow that fearful road further back and to embrace all of the frightful wars through which mankind had come and he pledged himself and France to strive with Germany to close that way to mankind forever. He paused and then turned to joke about the opponents he might find at home near the Quai d'Orsay and those who might seek in Germany to ruin the hopes of Doctor Stresemann. He solemnly warned the League and the German delegates as to what might result if

the French and German interests were opposed inside the League of Nations instead of working together for the common good. As he concluded with a prophecy of hope and goodwill the house cheered him to the echo. I, for one, have never heard a more magnificent speech. It is hard to imagine where else than in the League of Nations world representatives could bring old foes together and officially witness their reconciliation.

At 11:10 the next morning each minister of foreign affairs or representative interested went to the office of the League Secretariat and deposited in its keeping the Treaties of Locarno—thus putting into effect these treaties which call for arbitration, conciliation, legal efforts, every device for peaceful settlement of disputes between the signatory nations.

III

What entitles the above procedure to be described as a "new" experiment in government? The emphasis on publicity in international dealings as opposed to secrecy has been stressed many times, but where and how does this publicity actually function? There were two instances in the last session of the League; the protest to the Assembly and before the press against certain political methods was the most striking. Nansen for Norway and Loudon for Holland pointed out the lack of candor and the variation from League procedure contained in the method employed in increasing the non-permanent Council seats and in the time chosen for the election thereto. Motta of Switzerland, as representative of the Council recommendations, and Briand, as chief delegate of France, admitted the justice of the complaints and promised non-recurrence of their cause, while pleading the necessity caused by an emergency. Uruguay protested after the election that twenty Latin-American states had joined in a caucus in order to insure the election of Colombia to a three-year permanent seat and that this action was without any regard to what the deliberations of the League as a whole might indicate. Such protests of international minorities, made promptly before important official audiences of other countries, involve a distinctly new technique in international deliberations.

The work of the secretariat in preparing material as a basis for committee plans is also significant. It is the direct contrary of the method employed by lawyers when preparing briefs for opposing sides; where opinions, facts, and the law itself are distorted. The secretariat is obliged to seek evidence and to attempt the reconciliation of opposing factors for the sake of producing the outline of a working plan. This method suggests the proper function of experts, legal or otherwise, where enlisted in the service of governments.

By this method the standards and experiments of the more progressive commonwealths are made useful by committees concerned with the progress of

the less advanced national groups and these latter groups are not restricted by the historical dilemma of the past; namely, that they either have to pay too high for this foreign service or do without it.

IV

The report of an American, Mr. Charles Howland, on the repatriation of Greek refugees is a notable instance. It deserves the closest study. When given by Mr. Howland it had the dignity and clarity of a Latin essay. He related without emphasis that when General Pangalos caused the arrest of two important officials of the commission and when, after trial, they were found guilty and condemned to be shot, the League of Nations protested and secured their release. He soft-pedaled the fact that scrupulous honesty with funds had proved perhaps a too newfangled idea in Greek political society. The long discussion which took place before the Bulgarians could obtain a plan and a loan from the League was an illustration of patient education in better international standards.

In the discussion of the World Court reservations of the United States Senate the shade of John Marshall himself might well have been concerned. The League being virtually possessed, as is the United States, of a written constitution, was also faced with the question as to whether the League Assembly itself or the Permanent Court of International Justice should interpret it for the guidance of the Council. Our own Supreme Court was clearly foreshadowed in several questions raised during the four-day debate. There can be no doubt that the judge members of the Court already show the pride and independence of the inviolable law of nations—an independence of the League itself which should be welcomed by the United States Senate. The method of modern international financing under League control or with League backing is another instance of new governmental methods and is so vital a matter as to call for comprehensive consideration. The situation of the Disarmament Committee indicates also a new technique inasmuch as the military and naval experts have been obliged by the reversed order employed to do their work first and submit their decisions when reached for negotiation by statesmen; not, as in the past, to embarrass the statesmen by finding experts' difficulties after negotiations were seriously begun.

V

I shall have failed entirely to suggest how important is the study of League methods—their successes and failures—if I have not indicated that behind the newer plans lies something more important still—a new philosophical idea. This idea is that the cost of conflict is too high for nations, societies, or individuals to pay. It is not only the cost of war for which the League has undertaken to find an

alternative, but it is the belief sometimes spoken but many times implied, that neither individuals, institutions nor societies are on the right spiritual and psychological road if disputes and difficulties are to be solved by arraying convictions and views one against another and finding solutions through the triumph of one opinion.

There is dawning in the international field, in the field of religion, in industry, and in the home a growing conviction that somehow, somewhere, conflicts must be resolved before the true solution of any difficulty will be found. This spirit of eternal truth was stated by religious teachers before it was rediscovered by psychologists. As a truth, it is and it will be the basis of many experiments in living. The League of Nations, consciously or unconsciously, is basing its hopes of a better world upon a deep conviction of the truth of this idea.

RUTH MORGAN.

Milk Punch

OUT of the misty chill of the October night came Horace W. Witherspoon, pillar of Woppingtonian society and arbiter of its political destinies. When "Judge" Witherspoon circulates freely among the intelligent masses, it is Nature's signal that another two years have slipped into eternity and another election is near.

"A fire is beginning to feel good again, Elmer," remarked the attorney-banker-manufacturer, warming his constructive Republican hands.

The newsdealer soon plunged into the subject best calculated to make his distinguished guest feel ill at ease.

"I've just been reading the dope sheets on New York," said Elmer. "My hunch is that Albany Al is going to cop again."

"The New York situation is always something of a gamble," Mr. Witherspoon conceded. "Still our party is putting its best foot forward this time."

"It was fair enough to wish it on Ogden Mills—I'll hand you that. When that guy was in Albany he fought Smith all ways from the Jack, and many a jab he took in the good cause. I'll say he's the logical contender. He's entitled to the key to the city or a sock in the jaw, one or the other."

"He's an upright, upstanding figure."

"Sure, but he's due to be horizontal on the morning of November Three."

"How do you get that way, as the boys say?" demanded the lawyer. "Smith has been known to lose."

"Yes, he's lost one decision since he came out from behind the fish counter, and that was the day all hands got sunk in the crime wave from Ohio. He can lose, all right, but you couldn't call it a habit. You wouldn't say it was one of his policies. The last tip from the Wall Street gambling hell was to slap your washers on Wadsworth for Washington but Smith for Albany. I know all that

betting stuff runs for Sweeney. The same goofers were giving Jack Dempsey the long end a few weeks back.

"The Senate looks even-Stephen to me, depending on who gets the breaks. Jimmy is in Dutch with the drys and they're staging a coca cola and white rock ticket. That will gouge into the G. O. P.'s, if any. In a close finish it might hand the edge to Wagner. I don't see where that would buy the W. C. T. U.'s anything because Waggy is about three-quarts wetter than Waddy. Some of those bone-drys are so sore on your rummy party, they won't stick the 'x' on Mills—and that'll be like a little Cristman present for friend Al.

"This Mills won't be a setup like young T. R. with his warble about the dear, dead days when he wore khaki pants. Still, you'll notice that Alfred the Great always takes the hurdles better when it's not leap year. What he did to Miller four years ago was a felony. He draws his best gate when the customers are not thinking so much about the White House."

"This is just a part of his campaign for the Presidency."

"Yes, I know the line, Judge. Slip him the frosted raspberry now or he'll be the big works in 1928 and we'll have an Al-Cal scrap on our hands. Chop him down at second if you don't want him planting his dogs on the home plate. Well, those upstatesmen might shake a few bony heads and knees over that but if there's any dope that would make the Mad Manhatters kick in unanimously, that's the answer. Those Broadway boys hate the picture of President Alsmith the way St. Louis hates pennants.

"Al gets a better hand from the city slickers than he does from the R. F. D.'s but that doesn't mean he's got no boy friends north of the Bronx. N. Y. C. isn't the only place in the state where they have sidewalks. His Nibs is not the original village Smithy, but he packs a mean punch in some of those big-burbs upstate, and the wetter the better. Two years ago Coolidge mopped up New York two to one over what's-his-name. Al copped by over a hundred thou, but if he hadn't grabbed a bevy of O. K.'s in those stations where the Twentieth Century stops, he'd have got the air.

"I see where the Mills boys are dragging out the stuffed tiger again. The old prop looks a little motheaten to me but he's always good for a few shivers in the tank drama. At that, I think their work was kinda sour when they let out a squawk that all Al Smith's little helpmates are dips and yeggs.

"It's the most important election of the whole mess, and what's it all about? Whether the state should go Bolshevikky and peddle water power on its own or hand all the juicy kale to a couple of friends of Uncle Andy Mellon? Whether it should borrow jack for new hospitals and hoose-gows or spend a couple of berries for paste and

thumbtacks to patch the old dumps up? Whether it should knock out the railroad crossings, or let the boobs try to beat the game? No: that's all rehash; there's no vitamins or calories in that. I don't blame Mills for shifting to low and talking about bootleg milk. The Democrats give us rum and the Republicans hand us milk. There's the makings of a spiffy milk punch."

"Then what do you say is the issue?" the lawyer asked.

"Whenever Al Smith buys a stack of chips, he's his own issue. It's a personal matter between him and the population. Some giggle at his nifties and some hate the way he wears his lid all squeegee on his dome. Some rave about how he did over the state government like a this century model and some have a peeve about the place he goes to church. On personality he's the berries, and according to feed box information, he ought to breeze."

"Maybe you're right, but the Congressman is making a vigorous campaign."

"He started off with a bang," said Elmer, "but I'd say he hit his high about four minutes before Al began to talk back."

FELIX RAY.

Washington Notes

BY the time this modest little piece appears in print the fall off-year campaign will be over—or so nearly over that predictions as to the results would seem exceedingly silly. As a matter of fact they are silly at any time these days when parties have ceased to have principles, the people have ceased to have political reactions and the fundamental facts upon which forecasts were once made have utterly vanished. There used to be a time in this country when if a candidate for office were caught in open corruption, undeniable and unequivocal, he was eliminated from consideration and his defeat a foregone conclusion. There used to be a time when the party to which he belonged suffered along with the individual the sure penalty of a rebuke at the polls for disgraceful and dishonest doings. There was, too, a time when the titular leader of a great party could not safely sit silent, inert and complacent in the face of bribery and corruption among those who acclaimed him their leader and give to them his tacit support. Nor was it possible for a candidate for high office in a great state to work himself up to a spectacular stage rage over alleged graft in the opposition party while utterly ignoring the larger thefts and proven thieves in his own, without being hooted.

But those days have passed. Today there seems no limit to what may safely be done. It is possible to be not only completely inconsistent but openly corrupt and get away without a scratch. After what has transpired this year in the Republican party in Pennsylvania, in Illinois and in Indiana it is almost impossible to conceive of anything that could arouse the present Republican national administration to the point of repudiating a Republican. When in fact the administration, unmoved by the incredible spectacle of a Chairman of the State Public Utility Board in Illinois having his campaign financed by huge contribu-

tions from the chief owner of public utilities in the state, actually supports the candidacy of this man because he is the regular Republican nominee, then it is safe to do anything so long as the era lasts. When you consider these and other facts it is not surprising that in the New York campaign now about to end the Hon. Ogden Mills was not laughed off the boards when at the beginning of his fight he proudly boasted of the leadership which he said the great party to which he belongs had supplied the nation in the last six years, mentioning by name Mr. Hughes, Mr. Mellon and Mr. Hoover but totally forgetting to mention Mr. Daugherty, Mr. Fall, Mr. Forbes or Mr. Miller.

It really is an amazing situation. Nothing that happens seems to make a serious enough impression to impair the national prospects of the party in power. I do not know at this writing whether as a result of the election the Republicans will have lost control of Congress or not, but it makes little difference so far as Mr. Coolidge and the Republican chances in 1928 are concerned. I am still of the opinion that he will not be renominated but it will be the traditional prejudice against the third term, far deeper than is generally believed, plus the opposition of the influential leaders of his party, which will bar him out and not any Democratic gains in an off-year election. The results of this election, whatever they may be, will not hurt Mr. Coolidge to any large degree. Control of Congress against him will do him no particular damage. On the contrary it will furnish him with a splendid alibi—if he needs one—for his inability to accomplish anything in the way of constructive legislation. Besides, failures do not damage him. The great financial and journalistic support which has been massed back of him with unprecedented solidity since 1922 does not want anything done. It wants things let alone.

Moreover inaction and inertia in the Chief Executive seem entirely satisfactory to the people as a whole. So long as the Associated Press and the great newspapers of the country continue to keep them well fed up on sweet stories of what a lovable lad Calvin was and how kindly and human he really is, and so long as they are able to keep up payments on the old automobile, they are not going to bother about whether he does anything or not. Why should they? When you consider this state of the public mind and the time it has lasted it is of course plain that it is largely due to two reasons—one, the long continued prosperity, accompanied by a reduction in taxes and talk of economy; the other, the propaganda exercised in behalf of the President and his party for the last six years. It is not only the daily newspapers, four-fifths of which massed behind him about the time the first Mellon bill took shape for reasons I long ago presented, which keep up the Coolidge illusion of strength and conceal the little meannesses and weaknesses of the administration, but the cheap weekly periodicals with their millions of moronic readers are even more effective.

But in my judgment there is still another reason why no matter what the Democratic gains in this election are, the prospects of the Republicans for 1928 will not be seri-

ously impaired. It may be that they still retain control of both Senate and House. Or they may lose the Senate and keep the House. Or they may lose both. Anyhow it will make no difference. The chances of electing a Republican President in 1928 will be just as good as they were and the people, no matter how they voted in the off year, will have given no real indication of the turning of the tide. It is not only that the great business forces behind this administration will not have shifted in the least but that there is really no alternative. That is the big reason.

If the Democratic party had in it any real leadership, any degree of unity, any stability and standing or principle or policy, it might be different, but it has not. On the contrary it offers nothing. There is neither a foreign nor a domestic policy upon which it presents a solid front. It has neither plan nor program, neither men nor measures. What is the use of getting disgusted with Republican corruption and feebleness and fakery? Suppose the people did get indignant over the failure of this administration to convict the thieves of the Harding administration or even to be concerned over the two year delay in getting them into court? What have they got to turn to? Nothing.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Modern Literature: Between the Whirlpool and the Rock

DOCTOR WHITEHEAD, in his *Science and the Modern World*, has suggested that the romantic movement of the early nineteenth century was, not merely a literary phenomenon, but really a philosophical reaction against the ideas of contemporary science. The mathematics of Descartes and Newton had their poetical equivalent in the exact and balanced couplets of Pope and the geometrical tragedies of Racine. And the poets, like the astronomers and physicists, had reduced the universe to an accurate machine obeying invariable logical laws. Human experience was treated objectively: it was held away at arm's length; and it was dispassionately analyzed to discover what principles it illustrated.

The neo-classicism of Pope and Racine had then more in common with the science of their time than with the classics of Greece and Rome which they thought they were imitating. After all, there is nothing classical, from Boileau's or Doctor Johnson's point of view, about Æschylus or Aristophanes, about Pindar or Catullus. The neo-classicists picked out only, in the ancients, those qualities which were most reasonable and regular; and their productions would certainly have seemed artificial even to Sophocles or Virgil. They had created a new school of their own, a school unlike any school of the past and characteristic of the spirit of their time.

But it was a school which, in the long run, became intolerable. In reading the great writers of this period, we become aware of a feeling of strain, as if it were difficult for them to maintain their posture. The abstraction, the limited vocabulary, the mechanical alexandrines of Racine—the mechanical heroic couplets and the deliberate prosaic tone of Pope: we feel sometimes that, if they have

communicated to us the heat and the intensity of life, it has been in spite of these forms. It is the artistic triumph of Swift that his chain of logic is never dropped; but are we not always half expecting that, on the next page, his circumstantial invention, his detached and sensible argument, will break down to give violent vent to the passions they repress? And do we not have a similar impression in connection with La Rochefoucauld and with other writers of their period to whom the determined scientific scrutiny of the habits of man in society seems to have cost a painful effort?

The relaxation of this effort, the relief from this cramped position, was effected by romanticism. Wordsworth resented Pope with a bitterness which we feel only toward people from whom we have suffered; and Blake's defiance of Newton ("The atoms of Democritus, And Newton's particles of light, Are sands upon the Red Sea shore, Where Israel's tents do shine so bright.") had its origin in an instinct of the same sort. The romantics brought back into literature the things which could not be analyzed or explained, the things which did not obey comprehensible laws. The world was no longer the world of society: it was the world of the poet's sensibility—in Blake's case, the Kingdom of God; in Wordsworth's, the world of poetic vision, bathed in "the light that never was on sea or land." In so far as it was possible for them to do so, the romantics abandoned the assumptions of science; and, with them, the forms. As Whitehead says, they had ceased to describe the world as a machine, but recreated it as an organism.

This is all familiar history. But what is not perhaps so widely understood is the fact that, since the romantic rebellion, we have passed through the same cycle again. The pendulum has swung back to scientific classicism, and back again to an equivalent of romanticism. The science of the seventeenth century was mathematical and physical. In the middle of the nineteenth century, science took a fresh impetus in a new direction. With the advent of modern zoölogy and biology—modern evolutionary theory—we were armed with a new set of mechanical ideas, and one even more temptingly applicable to the principles of human behavior. We feel its spirit in the natural history of Tennyson, when that natural history seems entirely objective, devoid of emotional significance; and, perfectly developed, triumphant and explicit, in the poetry of Leconte de Lisle and the other French Parnassians. Leconte de Lisle and Tennyson in this phase are really not very different from Pope (who had also his natural history, as in *Windsor Forest*). And the "naturalistic" novelists and dramatists of the type of Flaubert and Ibsen have begun writing human natural history in precisely the same way. With the scientific point of view, there again appears the artistic austerity, the ideal of a work of art as something solid, economical and exact. Lytton Strachey has recently pointed out that the death of the Duke of Buckingham in Pope sounds precisely, in style and tone, like a French novelist of the school of Flaubert. And how much the documented monstrosities of Swift have in common with the documented monstrosities of *L'Education Sentimentale*.

But here again, we become aware of a feeling of strain.

The naturalists had been nourished on the mysteries, the rhetoric and the splendors of romanticism; but, drawn again to the pole of scientific objectivity from which their fathers had rebounded, they compressed that vaporous, confused and grandiose universe into distinct and compact molds. And here, it is not merely the reader who feels the strain, but the artist who betrays it. Both Flaubert and Ibsen, for example, were romantics at the beginning of their careers. And, when they had reached their points of maximum naturalism, they inevitably reacted toward romanticism again—Flaubert, in the *Salammbô*s and *Salomés* which run parallel with his bourgeois satires; and Ibsen, in the trolls and ghosts from his earlier poetic plays which begin to creep back into the commonplace drawing-rooms of his later plays in prose.

The real counterpart of the first romantic movement began, however, I believe, in the French "symbolism" of the end of the century, of which the first representative was Rimbaud and the chief exponent Mallarmé. The function of symbolism was to make things unscientific and mysterious again, to melt them into one another; again to transfer the scene of the artist's operations from the external to the internal world. And we are still in the flood tide of this movement. Almost all that we consider characteristically "modern" has its roots in symbolism. Those of the dramatists of the end of the century who had anything in common with modern "expressionism" (as opposed to the belated romanticism of Rostand or Stephen Phillips): such dramatists as Strindberg, Villiers de L'Isle-Adam and Maeterlinck, seem invariably to have lived in Paris and come under the influence of the symbolists. And the three poets whom perhaps, since the War, we have come to regard as most interesting: Yeats, Eliot and Valéry, are all outgrowths, in their different directions, of the symbolist school. Marcel Proust talks much of symbolism and, though he has few of the traditional symbolist tricks, his novel, in its turbid flux, its preoccupation with musical effects and its exploitation of unexpected relations between different orders of experience, represents an application in a larger field of symbolist principles. And the "stream of consciousness" of *Ulysses* must have been fed from symbolist sources.

On the whole, it may perhaps be said that one feels a more vigorous exercise of the intellect, a more solid architecture, in the work of these contemporary writers than in the general run of the romantics. They are dealing with subjective phenomena even more complex and elusive; but they are considering them more objectively, they are trying harder to fix them in durable forms. But it must be admitted that they, too, run to excesses—of obscurity, of prolixity, of deformity. It seems to be the special curse of the modern mind that it is obliged to vibrate between these two poles without ever coming to rest between them. It is perhaps their artistic equilibrium which we really envy in the classics; that is perhaps really the thing which they have that we never seem to be able to achieve. Regularity and logic in Sophocles do not exclude either tenderness or violence; and, in Virgil, the sort of thing that Flaubert can do, the exact objective reproduction of things, does not exclude the sort of thing that Wordsworth and Shelley can do, the mysterious, the fluid, the pathetic and the vague.

EDMUND WILSON.

An American Tragedy

An American Tragedy, by Patrick Kearney, from the novel by Theodore Dreiser. Longacre Theatre, October 11, 1926.

THE characters in Mr. Dreiser's books and the incidents that are taking place never seem to me real. As I am reading the book they never seem to be present, never created before me, never given a body of imagination. And yet at the same time they appear to have been real persons, to have happened. They seem absolutely true, understood, but I never believe them real; I feel that someone is telling me about characters that have been and events that have occurred. In the end, of course, this comes to the same thing, since it is all eventually creation; but this double impression, nevertheless, of creation and mere recounting, is a strong one. It does not, however, diminish the impression of greatness. Through all this maze of unequal diction, flatness, this talk about "rearranging chemisms," "nervously searing impressions," this muddle made up out of formal, old-fashioned phrasing, cant terms from popular journalism and modes in popular psychology, side by side with impressionistic effects, scientific and naturalistic effects and effects of ingenious suspense in phrasing and details, through all this the conviction emerges of Dreiser's observation and deep knowledge of his people and of life, and of patience, warmth and a kind of vast and cumulative intensity. The impression that lasts in your mind and life after finishing the book is of a work of art that is large and grave, profound and free.

The nature of the theatre and the special talent of Mr. Patrick Kearney, who made this drama from *An American Tragedy*, have worked toward an effect that contrasts significantly with the book. The characters and events seem much more real when you see the actors walking before you and when you hear the speeches coming from lips that are alive. And Mr. Kearney has an excellent ear for dialogue, far more fluent than Mr. Dreiser's, though it may be less biting at times because it is less stubbornly maintained and is livelier and brisker with the snap of the footlights. This fluency of the playwright's and born stage ear constantly heighten the sense of actuality in the Dreiser material.

In his use of the two volumes with their almost nine hundred pages and copious range, the playwright has chosen the theme of Clyde Griffiths's affair with the two girls, Sondra and Roberta, the death of Roberta when her pregnancy threatens her lover's fortunes, the murder charge, the trial and execution. Only the incidents bearing on this are shown. The mass of life around these characters, the families and communities involved in the panorama of the book have been either omitted or sketched into the scenes with a few sharp strokes. The significant epilogue in which we see again the family of Clyde exhorting and praying in the street as they were seen to do in the prologue, is left out. Some ingenious manipulations appear, as when the gift from Roberta to Clyde after he has grown cold to her is shifted from Christmas to his birthday and made to follow a gift from the other and richer girl, and where her jealousy of Clyde's social life and of the riches and

advantages that she has never had, shrills through the speech in which Roberta turns on the doctor when he refuses to perform an abortion for her and tells him insultingly that if she had money he would not act as he does. The trial scene is contrived with great skill and reproduces very well the interminable account in the book.

The characters for the most part keep their outlines well enough as Mr. Kearney has transcribed them. Without the time that the author allows them and the elaboration of his analysis and comment, they seem necessarily simpler than in the book and the terms of their portrayal seem more elemental. We in turn are led to see them more simply and feel more glowingly about them than we do as we read them on Mr. Dreiser's pages. Mr. Livright, too, in casting his production, has hit on three much more than average players for the chief rôles, at whose hands they become more appealing and their reactions more moving than they are in the novel, where our feelings are concerned with these characters as parts of life, and our vision of them is suffused and trembling with our sense of something larger and more inevitable that surrounds them. One character, Clyde's mother, so fully studied in the book, is used in the play only as a stage element in the latter scenes; and another, the prison chaplain, so subtly conveyed by Dreiser, becomes something almost ironic as Mr. Philip Wood delivers his lines about the saving mercy of God to those who believe in Him and confess.

The sum of all this amounts to a drama in eleven scenes that has good dialogue and some good moving climaxes, but that is on the whole a murder play of the general family of murder plays—*On Trial*, for example—enacted by characters who are clearly drawn but trimmed of most of their complexity and vital implication. But this is true and not true. The fact remains that over the whole play lies the shadow of its deeper source and the sting of the book's large and poignant reality.

This serious and grave approach extends to the production that Mr. Horace Liveright has given to *An American Tragedy* which shows both dignity and skill, and to the directing of Mr. Edward Goodman. It extends also to the actors, and especially to Mr. Farley, Miss Wilson and Miss Hopkins.

Watching Miss Miriam Hopkins's delightful *Sondra* you find it hard to believe that she is anything but a charming and lovely young person, with a style, impulse and sweetness, too, rather than that mixed young lady, very human, very good and bad and variable, in the midst of the American life around her, that we read of in *An American Tragedy*. Miss Katherine Wilson's Roberta comes truer to the book perhaps, but Roberta is a part that is more easily put into stage terms, hers is a blunter, grimmer and more readily conveyed tragedy. Both these performances are admirable.

Mr. Morgan Farley does not give us the Clyde Griffiths of the novel; he is less fluent and sensuous and confused, less common and plausible, less heedlessly brutal and tender and inhibited. It is easy to believe that his Clyde would have been liked by the people he met and loved by the two girls, but because of his fineness and the delicacy of his response to experience, rather than because of

a versatile and facile responsiveness. But if Mr. Farley does not duplicate the character he brings to the stage rôle what is much more important, and that is an intensity of reaction that convinces us of the tragedy and human living involved. It is easy to believe that this Clyde would have killed the girl through intensity and confusion and infatuation for another girl, though not from an emptier, commoner weakness, or sick nerves and lying fibre. No play could give us the book. There would be two ways of making a play out of it. One would be to take a single incident and a group of characters and explore and comment, warm up, neutralize, lay out detail after detail, till the drab, naïve, muddled, innocent, eager scene of our American life had been created and brought to bear on the persons presented. For such a play Mr. Farley would be wrong. For this sort of prose realism and close resemblance he would not be suited. A less imaginative actor, with more of a direct talent for simple realistic playing would be needed. The other way of making a play from *An American Tragedy* is to do what Mr. Kearney has done, dramatize not the mood and atmosphere and social comment so much as the long line of the main story, which is the other essential in this interpretation of our common scene. For this play Mr. Farley is right. For so swift a statement you need in the actor a somewhat higher accent, a readier conveyance of the pain, blindness and beauty of what is alive. His performance gives him a unique position among our younger actors.

STARK YOUNG.

"Vivid" and His Pals

I—SOME POPULAR SIEVES

THE man in the street, we are told, has a vocabulary of some twelve hundred words. Shakespeare used more than twenty thousand. Between these two extremes lie the vocabularies of ordinarily intelligent and lettered people. Besides, there are the languages of specialized crafts and trades, with prodigious vocabularies all their own. The reviewers of books would belong with this class, were it not for the fact that their vocabulary, while special, is absurdly limited. The corner hardware merchant knows many more words peculiar to his profession than are used by the reviewers. This does not necessarily prove anything as to their respective brains, for there is something in the process of passing literary judgment which dries up words as the California sun dries a raisin.

I speak of the words which through usage have come to be applied to books and to very little else. The better the reviewer, the less he relies upon the technical vocabulary, borrowing verbs and nouns and adjectives—usually the latter—from other phases of life. The strictly technical vocabulary is miserably weak and vague, and in addition so small that few words added to it are not soon pounded out of shape by repeated use and misuse. An instrument of precision, once discovered by the reviewing horde, is blunted and debased. The hardware merchant has a gauge which will tell instantly, to a sixty-fourth of an inch, the calibre of wire. Words once as accurate, after a short sojourn in Reviewers' Hall, are so valuable and popular

that in no time at all they will gauge anything from a split hair to a coal-truck. The result, one must admit, of famine quite as much as of unintelligence. The man who first applied the word "poignant" to a book said something, the man who uses it now is wielding an adjective about as sharp and piercing as a baseball bat. This condition was not wholly brought about by perfunctoriness and laziness. The reviewers often feel a genuine and strong emotion, but since the emotion is usually much more powerful than the words which translate it, its dumb horse-power grinds off the words what little edge remains.

I have been reading some dozens of reviews of novels in the respectably inexpert literary journals, and have collected a number of interesting specimens. They are only a fraction of all the reviewers' terms current, but they are a very fair sample, and offer food to a number of stray thoughts. As I look over the collection, I am struck by its poverty, its inadequacy to convey fresh meaning, but no less by the inescapability of the words, and the great quantity of them which, for lack of something better or something else at all, I have used myself, in spite of my contempt for them, and shall doubtless use again. They are, in the main, not much more than the literary counterparts of what one says out loud to a friend about a book: "Damn good," "pretty good," "interesting," "dull" or "rotten." The reviewer's craft boils down to an attempt to find equivalents for these phrases which will look dignified and professional in print. In other words, mere jargon. I don't know any reason for not saying in print "damn good" or "rotten" except one reason, equally good for not saying them in speech, that they mean almost nothing. Yet do they not mean quite as much as the following professional terms:

moving	intriguing	admirable
touching	arresting	remarkable
poignant	striking	excellent
disturbing	appealing	extraordinary

These popular sieves have been so shot full of holes that genuine significance pours through and out of them altogether. But what is one going to say in their stead? "This gets me" (which sums up the first group), or "This gets me hard" (which will do for the second), or "This is mighty good" (which is not unfair to the third)? Surely something more arousing and specific. But no such thing exists. And these words are not confined to reviewers. "Real" critics are a prey to them also, and only the very best of them know how to put words together so as to dress up their enthusiasms in unfamiliar, original form. Even so, the performance is often merely verbal acrobatics.

Close upon the heels of these enthusiastic or emotional generalities come a host of little trade words and expressions, the kind so often found at one's elbow when in a hurry or a tight place, words which have niches and occasions rather than meanings. To mention only a few:

flavor	emerge	elusive charm
solid	pregnant	flashes of beauty
color	creative	images abound
tang	actuality	clear objectivity
vignette	interpret	sharply silhouetted

I invite the reader to define these terms, to count their resident red blood corpuscles, if any, and I defy him, and myself as well, or most other reviewers, to get along without them, or their cousins of the same thin, useful family blood. I invite him also to say them out loud to himself many times, and observe what change comes over them, what flush returns to their pale cheeks from exposure to fresh air, and which of them wilt and fade forever away. Note that they are not particularly silly words, such as could be collected by the cord from blurbs, but decent, over-worked citizens of the printed page in good standing.

This collection gives me the beginnings of insight into the mind behind them, the collective mind, what it is most moved by, what it most desires and expects in a book. It is also what you and I desire and expect, and though the words, as ever, are vague and fumbling, the large desire shines through them. In the first place, the reader, or reviewer, wants to be "gripped." "Gripping" is by now a notorious and laughable adjective, but it answers to a genuine longing, the longing that the book you read shall take hold of *you*. If the teeth of your attention remain fastened to *it* only by effort on your part, the book fails. This is the desire behind such reviewing tags as "holds the reader," "spent thrilling hours with it," "holds interest," "well sustained," and "could not lay it down."

Secondly, there is a recurrence in the reviewers' phrases which shows their unanimity in the desire to be persuaded by an author in spite of their intelligent scepticism. Over and over again they vary this refrain: "A plausible narrative," "leaves one somehow unconvinced," "one believes in them (the characters)," "they demand a good deal of believing," "the hero is not wholly convincing," or he is "a believable character." We are drifting further and further from literature, and nearer to life, to be most like which is to be most artful, curiously enough. It is hard to see exactly what they mean, yet they all mean the same thing. They want to be given characters whose existence shall impress them as "real." And here we are squarely face to face with a most difficult, a most subtle question, where the confines of life, philosophy and the art of fiction triply meet. The demand of the reviewers at this point becomes more and more insistent. There is not one of them who does not state the desire for reality as the highest of desires. That they seem to be too frequently satisfied is beside the point. They may seem to be, but the chorus of their hunger is heard plaintive behind their satisfaction.

exceptionally vivid
robustly and satisfyingly vivid
shows a vivid feeling
vivid and memorable
vital and memorable
characters drawn to the life
that admirable aliveness of his
marvelously alive
engaging and real
alive
real

The important thing has been said, the important bridge reached at last—but not crossed: reality—aliveness: and yet nothing has been said. We are surely only at the beginning of the critical trail rather than its end. From now on the hard work begins, from now on the reviewers are silent. Who can blame them? It is a dark and perilous territory, and there is practically no terminology for it at all. What is reality in fiction? It sounds easy, but one must first answer, What is reality in life? When we say that such and such a character in fiction is "real," and that such and such an actual living person in the next room strikes us as "unreal," what do we mean? How many really "real" characters are there in the whole of fiction? Can a character be "alive," yet not quite "real"? Can he be "convincing," and yet not quite "alive"? There seems to be a morass here to which curiosity at least bids us return.

ROBERT LITTELL.

Philosophy Hunting

ARE we going to have, this fall, an open season for philosophers? Credit for the idea, I suppose, is due to Doctor Durant who has turned the Story of Philosophy into a best-seller by the shrewd device of leaving philosophy out and putting in its place selected anecdotal stories, whole chapters on anti-metaphysical writers and his own subtly diffused distrust of the entire silly business of "ultimate problems." And now, in his syndicated articles, here is Mr. Mencken tripping upon the autumnal scene, all decked out in leather jerkin, hunting cap, cartridge belt and his usual array of automatic popguns.

"If you want to find out," says Mr. Mencken, "how a philosopher feels when he is engaged in the practice of his profession, go to the nearest zoo and watch a chimpanzee at the wearying and hopeless job of chasing fleas. Both suffer damnably and neither can win." The "fleas" in this case, you realize, are truth, the absolute, any ultimate concept of the real world, any distinction at all between reality and appearance. Elsewhere, in the same lofty Menckanian column, the same matter is called "bunk." "For the absolute, of course," he absolutely assures us, "is a mere banshee. No such thing exists. Philosophy in the narrow technical sense"—read, in the sense of the whole silly lineage from Pythagoras to Whitehead—"is largely moonshine and wind music."

At last I know, from Mr. Mencken's rigorous definitions, what is his secret desire: the unsated hunger which all his literary work has struggled to fulfill. Since, to his mind, philosophy is bunk and wind and moonshine, is it not clear that Mr. Mencken looks upon himself as a writer of philosophy? And if he strives to sharpshoot all the other philosophical fellows off the field, who can blame him, since he knows that his own particular brand of brass fanfare is the best for us?

Let us therefore take him as a philosopher: take him seriously, I mean of course. And consider the matter of this "bunk" of metaphysics. A moment's inquiry should make clear that if the philosophical "wool-gathering" of man is to be judged merely by practical results—by results in the way man has lived—in contrast with the metaphysicians, the builders of temples were builders in sand, the

makers of empires were but furious blowers of bubbles.

Of course, the findings of metaphysics—the science of reality, and of epistemology—the science of knowledge, are disputed, disputable, relative, impermanent. What is not? Even the term *eternal* is a pitiful, anthropomorphic thing, having no life and no sense save in the mouth of the evanescent creature who knows himself for mortal. But if you will have nothing less than the *eternal*, what will you do with language, music, economics? what with religions, empires, arts? Do these outlast philosophy? On the contrary, they rest and have ever rested upon it.

Take the age of the Upanishads, nearly thirty centuries behind us. Do we speak the language of that day? We speak its philosophical thought. Do we live by its arts, its customs, its gods, its laws? Yet its metaphysics is a cogent factor in modern psychology, in modern letters. The era of the Upanishads is living for us, solely through its professional philosophers—those "idle" *sitters-about* who spent their days spinning webs about Absolute and Will—webs so marvelously strong that they have outlasted cities and whole cultures.

What exists now of the Greece and Magna Græcia of the sixth century before Christ? Chiefly Pythagoras: and through him a good deal of history, ancient and modern, of science, ancient and modern, of mathematics, of physics, of religious doctrine. From his philosophy of number came the science of numbers: came Euclid: came the whole forever adumbrating realm of physics and mechanics, the modern mathematics of analysis, the modern critical realism (via other philosophers of course, like Descartes and Leibnitz) which in men like Mach, Einstein, Russell, Whitehead, is once again transfiguring the world. From the abstractions of these technical philosophers of pre-classic Greece came Plato (even as Æschylus and Tragedy came from the Eleusinians): came Aristotle, came Plotinus: came at last such fairly practicable structures as the whole civilization of Christian Europe. From the moonshine of such men as Pythagoras, Protagoras, Plato, Heraclitus, Democritus and Zeno, tough-minded men managed to build states, churches, sciences, atomic theories and machines. Similarly, the prophets of Israel, the wise men of India and North Africa—questers of that Absolute which, in their ignorance they called God or Atman, whereas Mr. Mencken in his more modern language calls it bunk or "fleas"—gave to man a concept, so very real that he has dwelt in it, builded from it his art, his ethics and his state, for many thousand years.

Mr. Mencken probably forgets that Bacon's preparation for modern science was possible to him, only because he rested wholly on a metaphysical faith: the assumption of an Absolute Order without which, as Hume points out, there could be no science, because there could be no deduction from particular to general, from appearance to Law, from passing effect to eternal Cause. So Newton, also, rose from an intricate, profound, world-satisfying structure of metaphysical faith which a whole lineage of "professional flea-chasers" from Plato to Aquinas had molded at last into the Christian Cosmos.

Perhaps Mr. Mencken does not know that Dante, Cervantes, Shakespeare, Goethe, had their metaphysics—had, above all, their masters, technical and abstruse, in

metaphysics. Has not his careful study of the philosophical classics which he assures us he "rereads every year when the weather is too hot for serious mental work" revealed to him that his favorites, Conrad and Nietzsche, are romantic versions of Schopenhauer who, in turn, rests wholly upon Kant and the philosophers of India? If he has no use for Kant, his disgust with the post-Kantian Idealists (Hegel for instance) is utterly beneath words. Yet, from these sources come psychoanalysis, Marxism, the Nietzschean anti-Marxism: come the non-Euclidean and n-dimensional geometries (Gauss, Riemann, Lobachevsky, Minkovsky), who in their turn nourished Lorenz, Einstein, the critical realists—makers of the modern world. And straight from Hegel is derived the impressionistic style in criticism which Mr. Mencken so adorns—since it is, indeed, his own.

It is one of the burdens of philosophy that lesser men turn its noble doubts into dogmatic denials: chip from its high structure of Critique little stones to fling against it. In all ages, heedless people accept what the great past bequeaths them, live by it, and betray it. The man who is most proud of his Buick is most contemptuous of the thinker whose intricate thought made his car possible. The man most at ease in his Zion sneers most at the makers of the concepts which built his State and his Morals. The man who writes most glibly of books is least aware of the abstruse, metaphysical creation which went into the very making of the words (and prejudices) he employs.

WALDO FRANK.

CORRESPONDENCE

Massachusetts Militarism

SIR: In Massachusetts, a bitter struggle is in progress between the forces which stand for militarism and the Massachusetts Civic League which is leading the campaign to reduce the excessive veterans' preference in civil service examinations. The present law in the Bay state permits a 35 percent preference. A veteran who receives a bare 65 percent mark in a civil service examination is put ahead of any civilian even with 100 percent.

On November 2, the people of Massachusetts will vote on an amendment to reduce this to a 5 and 10 percent preference—5 percent for able-bodied veterans, 10 percent for disabled veterans, similar to that given in the United States service. The American Legion and affiliated auxiliaries have united in a joint committee to defeat the measure, taking in the veterans' organizations: Grand Army of the Republic, United Spanish War Veterans, Military Order of the World War, United Veterans of the Republic, Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States.

This committee, under the active leadership of the Legion, has carried on a campaign not confined to argument, but consisting largely of intimidation. Business men have been afraid to sign the initiative petition circulated last fall; threats were made to print in the papers the names of all persons who dared to sign; organized labor was threatened that the Legion would oppose its attempts for legislation for better working conditions. No person within organizations who desired either office or employment dared to befriend the measure. Public officials who ventured to tell their experience with the excessive preference were heaped with public abuse and vilification. Above all, the political power of the military forces was marshaled to defeat the bill in the Legislature in the first place. This political intimidation was so effective that man after man who privately declared his conviction of the righteousness of the measure voted against it.

The Legion is straining every nerve to defeat the present referendum. The coming election in Massachusetts is a show-down of its strength. All the political interests of the state are watching

the outcome of this referendum. If the Legion wins, the forces of militarism will be more strongly entrenched than ever. The politicians will then not dare to refuse them anything. If the amendment is accepted by the voters of Massachusetts, the political backbone of the Legion will be broken for years to come. It will mean that the Legion is not an invincible factor in politics. It will emancipate public officials from the threat of published attacks.

The Massachusetts Civic League has been the victim of the usual tactics resorted to by persons and organizations when they have no substantial argument. The Legion's campaign has been one of epithet and personal abuse. After the petition was filed last fall, a great cry of fraud was raised. Representatives of the American Legion appeared before the Ballot Law Commission and charged forgery. The Commission then investigated, but not one single case of forgery was proved. The Legion finally withdrew all charges and meekly repudiated its stand, but not before it had broadcast these charges to every newspaper in the state.

Ours is no campaign to injure the Legion as an organization of war veterans. Its influence in politics, however, has been a vicious one, utilized by self-seeking politicians both within and without its ranks. In spite of the organized attacks of American Legion officials, however, a wholesome note in the Massachusetts political situation is indicated by the fact that hundreds of veterans have cooperated with the Civic League by signing and circulating the petitions and by speaking on the public platform against excessive preference.

Boston, Mass.

MYRIAM SIEVE.

MASSACHUSETTS CIVIC LEAGUE.

Teachers' Pets

SIR: Concerning Teacher's Pet in your issue of September 22, I should like to inquire what basis there is in the experience and observation of the readers of the New Republic for the author's assumption that the George type who seems a misfit in school is likely to achieve success by reason of some different sort of "creative originality." Isn't George's poor class work at least as likely to be due to defective ability to concentrate his mind on any subject? Personally, I cannot recall a person of this type whom I would regard as successful in later life. The nearest approach to this was a Mr. C., who in spite of making a poor class room record stuck to his school work and eventually, by virtue of extraordinary persistence and enthusiasm, achieved considerable success along strictly conventional lines.

Isn't it true that most of us acquire our points of view primarily from others? If not from the teacher in the school, then from the older boy in the back alley—if not from the New Republic, then from the New York Herald-Tribune or the Hearst papers or the Centerville Gazette? Of the two, I believe the Ethel type is more likely than the George type to develop a habit of critical thinking in later life.

Incidentally, I wonder if the feminists wouldn't take exception to the author's representation of the brilliant, docile, superficial Star Pupil as a girl, and the mechanically-interested misfit who later turns out to be superior, as a boy.

Kensington, Md.

WALTER H. McCLENON.

The Sacco-Vanzetti Documents

SIR: Because the recent New Republic containing an article entitled Seven Amazing Documents in the Sacco-Vanzetti Case was sold out in Boston and a great demand for the issue was said to be unsatisfied, it may be of interest to your readers to learn that practically the same material has been reprinted by the Committee on Social Justice of the Community Church of Boston, with offices at 6 Byron Street. It can be obtained there on application in person or by mail.

Boston, Mass.

SOCIAL JUSTICE COMMITTEE OF
THE COMMUNITY CHURCH.

[Copies of the New Republic containing these documents are still obtainable, on application to 421 W. Twenty-first Street, New York, N. Y.—THE EDITORS.]

Inge on England

England, by William Ralph Inge. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 302 pages. \$3.

A BRILLIANT and scornful young English writer said a hard thing to me about the Dean of St. Paul's: "He has got further on less stuff than any man of his time!" That, I need hardly say, is not true; but there are times when one is tempted to think it so near the truth as to be uncomfortable for the Dean's admirers. To that class most of us seem obliged to belong. At all events we read him, for in readableness he wins easily over the majority of his contemporaries. We allow ourselves to be excited or angered by him. We are constantly having to quote him. His stock of ideas is certainly not abundant, but, restating them as he does, incessantly and with unvarying candor, he can get them into the headlines every week of the year. He is the only dean whose name is known to the newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic. He is that very rare being, a dignitary of the Church of England who is vividly interested in the contemporary movement; and he has made the discovery that the great indifferent world will listen to a churchman, and applaud him, when from a high place he says what he thinks in straight journalistic terms.

For more than a dozen years he has been challenging his countrymen to debate, but now, I think, we are given an opportunity to hit the Dean exactly where he lives. He confesses that the writing of this book was the hardest literary task to which he has ever put his hand. I cannot doubt it, and I am especially interested to note that Doctor Inge has been visited by serious doubts as to his own fitness for the job. If some of us fail to sympathize with those doubts it is because we feel certain that for the making of this particular book, in the series which includes G. P. Gooch's Germany and Stephen Gwynn's Ireland he is not rightly equipped. Nevertheless, being by Doctor Inge, it is a remarkably interesting book, if only because every reader who knows an England that is not the Dean's will not be able to keep from disputing with the author at every turn. England, I suppose, must be an impossible country. At any rate Doctor Inge forces me to think so: for there is hardly a single statement made by him which I do not want to contradict, or at least to correct by means of some alternative assertion.

There is no better example of the Dean's contentious quality than his long and stimulating chapter on the Soul of England, which is one of the most entertaining things of the kind that I have read for years. It is made up to a large extent of judgments on the English by observers of many times and lands. The upshot of it all would seem to be that the essential Englishman has undergone very little change during the centuries, and also that there is truth for Doctor Inge in most of the things said about us from age to age by repetitive foreigners. Here once more are all our old friends: we are antipathetic to reason; we act upon instinct and never upon logic; "the Englishman is constitutionally averse to general ideas and abstract questions"; he is equally contemptuous of Teutonic theories and Latin fervors—and so forth. We all know what Doctor Inge and his forerunners are after. But why, I wonder, does not some writer with a public position equal to that of the Dean address himself to the fascinating task of interpreting the plain historic facts of England in relation to those two great departments of the national life, politics and religion? What is the history of the English since the seventeenth century but the story of a people directed by a

quite clear conception of a few rational principles? What has English religion been, from Wycliffe to Wesley, or to General Booth, but the record of certain ideas or intuitions which, when put alongside the religious forms of France or Germany, seem to be startlingly abstract and remote? We may say what we will about the Englishman's dislike of logical processes or his habit of compromise; the historic fact remains that the collective mind of our people has pursued with striking consistency a clear road of political thought, in which the world endeavored to follow us. It has created a system of law which, behind its endless variety of practice, is a marvel of reason and order; while, if we turn to the Protestant evangelical churches we may find the evidence of a steady fidelity to a scheme of religious thought and belief that for 200 years exercised the preaching ministry to the exclusion of almost everything except a curiously speculative theology.

The mention of religion leads me to an especially interesting aspect of the Dean's subject. Upon the religion of the English people he has surprisingly little to say, and that little is almost irrelevant. Doctor Inge reminds one of a famous character in Henry Fielding: when he says the Christian religion he means the religion of the Church of England. But it would not be difficult to show that the Church of England has played only a minor part in the molding of the active religious life of the country. Doctor Inge deplores the multiplicity of religious sects which England shares with the United States, but he does not devote a single paragraph to the remarkable socio-religious movement of Nonconformity, which stamped its character upon the middle classes and had at least as much to do as any other influence with the shaping of nineteenth century Liberalism and twentieth century Labor politics. The Church of England, says the Dean, has been guided always by the spirit of compromise (that is what they all say), and yet in the next sentence he remarks that the great Methodist secession was unnecessary. Both statements cannot be true. As a matter of fact, the Church of England has never shown a sign of the spirit of compromise in dealing with its own dissidents: its accommodations have had to do with quite other affairs. Again, English sectarianism, in Doctor Inge's view, has been the parent of an almost unlimited faddism, and "the faddist is an Anglo-Saxon product of which neither we nor the Americans have any reason to be proud." Have we not, and has America no reason? John Howard and William Wilberforce were faddists; William Lloyd Garrison was an extraordinary faddist. The Victorian Age, which to Doctor Inge is the noblest of all modern periods, was the age of cranks, and upon many of them our indifferent generation has gladly conferred canonical honors.

There is, I suggest, one fair and easily applied test for a book of the kind to which the Dean's England belongs. The citizen ought to be able to feel that an intelligent foreigner, after going through it, would have a tolerably accurate notion of the country and the national life and need not go very far astray in his effort to estimate the forces creating the immediate future. Apply this test to Doctor Inge's survey and analysis, and what would our intelligent foreigner get? The answer is that he would get half a dozen miscellaneous and largely unrelated chapters, containing a most effective reassertion of Doctor Inge's well known opinions and prejudices—about the Nordic myth, the parasitic working classes, the population question, birth control—helped out by a wonderful array of quotations from a host of writers, general and special. He would have the Dean of St. Paul's affirming that

Christianity is a religion for the few, that the "mere advent of a Socialist government would give the signal for disturbances in India," and that England has sunk to being "governed by Scots, Welsh, Irish and Jews." And if he should turn for guidance to the curiously inaccurate index, he would discover that this most distinguished of Anglican authorities has compassed the extraordinary achievement of writing a survey of contemporary England without a mention of Bernard Shaw or Bertrand Russell, Stanley Baldwin, Lord Cecil, or the League of Nations, and with just one little casual reference to Lloyd George.

S. K. RATCLIFFE.

Franklin and Defoe

Benjamin Franklin, by Phillips Russell. New York: Brentano's. 323 pages. \$5.

THERE are two reasons to justify a new life of Franklin, greater frankness in regard to his experience and opinions than the prudish hero-worship of the past allowed, and a new point of view in regard to him. To some extent, Mr. Russell may plead them both in combination. It is true, one does not find in his volume much in the way of new sources, but Mr. Russell has used the material at hand more freely and honestly than his predecessors. He prints in full the speech which Franklin wrote for the Pennsylvania Gazette as that of Miss Polly Baker, "before a court of Judicatory, in New England, where she was prosecuted for a fifth time for having a Bastard Child," which is really a defense of his own illegitimate fatherhood; and also his letter of Advice to a Young Man on the Choice of a Mistress. These are sometimes referred to by earlier biographies, but Mr. Russell's modern point of view permits him to publish them without the concession of stigmatizing them as "moral squalor." He calls Franklin on his title page *The First Civilized American*, and civilization for him signifies the realistic acceptance of human nature, of which Franklin was compact, without cavil and without shame.

There is another and more important sense in which Franklin may be claimed as the pioneer of American civilization. He was the first distinguished descendant of the Puritans who turned his attention from the gloomy problem of his status in the other world to the business of living comfortably in this one. He had the ingenuity to give to scientific principles an application through inventions conducing to physical comfort. He brought the old fireplace out of the chimney into the middle of the room by the Franklin stove, "one of the first contrivances to banish barbarism from the American home and give it a civilizing comfort marveled at by all the world." He improved the treatment of the soil for agriculture. He set up the first hospital in Philadelphia; and founded the University of Pennsylvania. He got the streets of the city paved, cleaned and lighted. He reformed the police and organized the fire department. He suggested daylight saving. He introduced the penny post. He proclaimed the virtues of industry and thrift as a means of getting on in the world, and conducted propaganda in behalf of this material philosophy which was taken so seriously that "it well-nigh drove out from the spirit of the American people all tendency to a love for leisure and a cultivation of the graceful arts, made its literature didactic and its art timid, and remained almost unchallenged until Walt Whitman hurled his shout across the roofs of the world: 'I loaf and invite my soul.'" Surely Mr. Russell is justified in placing Frank-

lin first among the founders of the civilization of which we think as peculiarly our own.

It was a civilization preëminently of and for the middle class, of which Franklin was the prophet in America as Defoe in England. The two have much in common. Both were of a generation in which the imaginative faith of the Puritan had burned itself out, and his practical energy was turned to worldly issues. Mr. Russell reminds us that Franklin's early reading included Defoe's *Essay on Projects*, which had been published a few years before, and which in its description of various types of social machinery for the benefit of mankind, such as banks, insurance and societies for mutual aid, started Franklin's mind in the direction which it ever after maintained. The two minds were alike in many other respects. Defoe's examination of betting, and mathematical proof that the one who controls the odds can always win, is precisely the practical exercise of curiosity in which Franklin delighted. Both men were journalists, believers in propaganda and practical politics to induce men to act for their own betterment, adroit manipulators of human nature. Defoe established journalism as a profession in England; and if as much cannot be said for Franklin, at any rate he was always putting his hand upon or into a newspaper. And both men employed their skill in human engineering as government agents in various affairs. The humor of the two was similar. Both showed an unedifying pleasure in moral relaxation after the stern repression of their forebears, sometimes dodging responsibility by way of fiction, as in *Moll Flanders* and *Polly Baker*. Both were adepts in the form of journalistic humor known as the hoax. Defoe first became widely known as author of *The Shortest Way with Dissenters*, where in the guise of a Diehard Tory he argued for the imprisonment and death of the nonconformists. Franklin began *Poor Richard's Almanac* by repeating Swift's joke on Partridge, predicting the death of a rival almanac maker, and insisting that his prediction had come true in spite of the clamorous protest of his victim. The humor of both was ironic and realistic. *Moll Flanders's* advice to her sex on the choice of a husband raises the same kind of laugh as Franklin's advice to a young man on the choice of a mistress, with its final argument in favor of old women: "They are so grateful." Both Defoe and Franklin held the middle class attitude toward women, recognition of their equality and interest in their practical attainment of it. Both were philosophers to the "bitch goddess success," exponents of the arts of getting ahead in the world—Defoe in his *Compleat English Tradesman*, Franklin in *Poor Richard*. Neither was considered by his contemporaries to be a gentleman. Defoe was taunted by Swift and Steele with his experience of the pillory; Franklin was reproached by John Adams with his passion for women, and though constantly summoned, like Admirable Crichton, to the service of his fellow townsmen whenever they needed guidance, he was forbidden the houses of the old Philadelphia families.

It must be admitted that in one respect the careers of Franklin and Defoe were unlike. Defoe spent his last years in mysterious disgrace and neglect, always in poverty, part of the time in hiding. Franklin's success argues perhaps a greater skill in conducting the operation of life, and certainly greater good fortune. Both luck and cunning entered into his business life, so that he could retire at forty-two with a comfortable income. To both must be credited his spectacular success abroad. To Franklin, his colonial origin was an asset, which he did not fail to exploit to his advantage. In the many years of service as agent

of the Colonies in England he established the technique which Americans have since operated with success. The natural contempt of Englishmen for colonials was the flank by which he took them. When he appeared before the Committee of the Whole of the House of Commons in a hearing on the Stamp act, surprise emphasized a scene which Burke said reminded him of a master surrounded by school boys. It is true, Mr. Russell records that "he had thoughtfully provided himself with a few friends in the Commons and had arranged that at the right time they should ask him questions for which he had pat answers ready." Similarly his greater triumph in France was in part due to the unexpectedness of his appearance as scientist, philosopher and man of the world out of the backwoods. Again Franklin added the resources of art to those of nature. His coonskin cap never failed to remind his hosts of his affinity with the noble savage. But while he understood how to play upon the foibles of his fellow men, he had that social comprehension and sympathy which is the basis of civilization. It was this which enabled him to bring to pass the great enterprise of his life, the alliance between the Colonies and France. How hopeless this enterprise would have been in the hands of the imperfectly civilized colleagues who were united with him in the embassy may be seen from Mr. Russell's citation of a complacent remark of John Adams, which in its implications is priceless. "Mr. Jay likes Frenchmen as little as Mr. Lee and Mr. Izard did. He says they are not a moral people."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

The Basic Fact of Prohibition

Prohibition at Its Worst, by Irving Fisher. New York: The Macmillan Company. 255 pages. \$1.75.

Alcohol and Longevity, by Raymond Pearl. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 273 pages. \$3.50.

Prohibition in the United States, by D. L. Colvin. New York: George H. Doran and Company. 687 pages. \$5.

PROFESSOR IRVING FISHER, whom Wayne B. Wheeler says "did more to bring about wartime prohibition than any other man," on the first page of his book, *Prohibition at Its Worst*, tells us that alcohol is a poison. Elsewhere he refers to this as the "basic fact" underlying the whole problem, the solid foundation of prohibition. Professor Fisher does not mean that alcohol is immediately lethal, or that it is one of those substances which, when a druggist sells it, he is compelled to label "poison." He means that it is one of those liquids which, if taken in excess, has a patently disturbing effect on the mind and a malignant effect on the body; the excessive consumption of a solution of table salt would thus be poisonous. Moreover, says Professor Fisher, the so-called "moderate" dose, e. g., with light wine or beer, is but one step towards this poisoning of the system; to have drunk one glass is to be one-glass drunk. Nor is it difficult to adduce the highest medical authority for believing that a moderate dose of alcohol has indeed to a moderate extent a specifically alcoholic effect.

When, however, Professor Fisher quotes the resolution of the American Medical Association of June, 1917, to the effect that the Association is opposed to the use of alcohol as a beverage, and that its use as a therapeutic agent should be discouraged, it is, to say the least, unfortunate that he omits to mention either the report of the Council of the

same body, accepted by the delegates of the Association in 1922, to the effect that

The Council deems it unwise to attempt to determine moot, scientific questions by resolution or by vote and recommends that the House of Delegates shall take no action at this time on the question of the therapeutic value of alcohol

or the resolution of 1926. A pamphlet, entitled *Alcohol*, signed by distinguished and representative British medical authorities, and endorsed in 1923 by the British Medical Research Council, states that alcohol is not *necessary* for healthy life, that it is *injurious* for persons of unstable nervous system and for children, that it is dangerous if taken in concentrated form without food, and too frequently for the system to be relieved of the previous dose. But "the temperate consumption of alcohol in accordance with these rules of practice may be considered to be physiologically harmless in the case of the majority of normal adults."

In brief, alcohol is "strong liquor"; it "makes glad the heart of man" and contributes to his momentary happiness; experiments such as those of Professors Stockard and Raymond Pearl tend to show that it may, in the long run, eliminate, by its effects on the germ-cell, only the more biologically undesirable types; it may be required by the speaker, by the creative artist, and by other of the unusual and not least valuable members of civilization, in order to put to sleep inhibitions and to rise to the occasion at the "psychological moment." It is a narcotic. Whether it is always a malignant drug we do not know. It seems to be beneficial for a gifted few, ruinous for many "poor devils," and dubious in its effects for the mass of "slow-going" men. The statistics tending to show that the "moderate drinker" has at least not a lower expectation of life than the abstainer has been elaborated by Prof. Raymond Pearl in his new book, *Alcohol and Longevity*, in a fashion which meets Professor Fisher's objection to his classification of "moderate drinkers," but is still subject to the objection of the smallness (5,268) of the sample group. But there will certainly be no consensus of experts in the actuarial field that the mortality data of the insurance companies invalidates Doctor Pearl's conclusions. Perhaps other means besides alcohol could attain the same ends, both eugenic and as confidence-restorative. The wise man will suspend judgment, and spend his money on medical research.

In a great democracy, it may, however, be said, we must legislate for the many, not for "variants." Whether there is a medical consensus that temperate drinking is harmful, is an academic point. Drunkenness in the mass is a social curse. And does not experience show that in order to stamp out drunkenness, we must stamp out drinking? The "basal fact" apart, is not prohibition, as one method of suppressing drunkenness, the most expedient? Professor Fisher turns his attention to the social effects of prohibition, as indicated by public health, criminal, economic and social data.

Alcoholism, a minor primary cause of death (33 per million of population in 1924), after a sharp decline during the period of military restrictions, 1917-19, reached its minimum in the relatively effective enforcement period of 1920. Prohibition in large part prohibited. Since then, the death rate for the registration states has risen to more than 60 percent of what Professor Fisher terms the "pre-prohibition level." In New York state it has attained the level of 1915. Bootlegged liquor, in short, kills. Cirrhosis of the liver, probably a predominantly alcoholic disease, declining since 1911, has been stabilized, without further

decline, at about 57 percent of the 1910-16 level. Insanity, probably not so much due to, as Professor Fisher states, but symptomized by, alcoholism has increased in wet states since 1920, in which year it was at a minimum; it is less easy now to obtain the wherewithal for alcoholic symptoms.

These figures are chiefly significant as an index of enforcement. That, under prohibition, the figures for alcoholic diseases must decline was a foregone conclusion and not a surprising social result; the extent of the decline has in part been neutralized by the increased consumption of highly toxic adulterated liquor. The effect of prohibition on the mass of law-abiding citizens is more significant, and there is good reason for supposing that, at least in the case of those less resistant to certain diseases, it is beneficial. Prohibition is, however, but one factor in the improvement of health; general improvement of economic conditions and health campaigns are others. But charts showing the striking reduction in 1920 of the relatively trifling number of alcoholic deaths, conjoined to the sober statement that, in the improved condition of general health, "reduced alcohol" (consumption) "played an important part," do not warrant Professor Fisher's flamboyant conclusion that prohibition is "one of the most successful . . . hygienic experiments in history."

Most of those acquainted with the field will admit that criminal statistics in the United States comprise a morass of uncertainties. It, however, emerges fairly clearly that the figures of arrests are swollen by the new offenses set up by the liquor laws and by a general increase of vigilance of the police in arresting those intoxicated. The figures of the Moderation League itself, for urban areas (the crux of the enforcement problem), tend to show that the situation is now beginning to normalize itself on an average of arrests for drunkenness of 75 percent, allowing for increase of population, of the "pre-prohibition level," i. e., despite increased vigilance, in the most difficult areas, there are, on the average, only about 75 percent of the old number of "drunks" coming within the cognizance of the police. But it must be pointed out that when, with the assistance of the secretary of the World League against Alcohol, Professor Fisher endeavors to render his charts, especially that for Pennsylvania, more striking by correcting the figures by a standard of police vigilance, these "corrections" are guesswork, conservative perhaps in some cities, an overestimate in others. Here, and elsewhere, it is not so much any certain erroneousness in the general tendency of Professor Fisher's argument which demands criticism as the entire overconfidence which characterizes the statements.

Professor Fisher is an excellent publicist but not an impeccable statistician. The unhappy "Shirk, statistician" is severely man-handled for omitting a base-line which would have emphasized not only the falling back in enforcement since 1920, but also, be it added, the immense good effects of the shock of the new legislation; but Professor Fisher allows himself to use the phrase "pre-prohibition period" for a period sometimes of seven, sometimes of five, sometimes of three years before the partial restrictions of 1917 (and even speaks of "limited prohibition in England in the war years of 1913-17!"). And yet most of us will not question Professor Fisher's honest desire to present the facts. It may, moreover, be noted that Prof. W. F. Willcox, in a statement issued on the 25th of October, has shown that Mr. Shirk's figures of arrests in cities selected by the Moderation League, after correction in given cases by Professor Fisher, and after all this "terrible fuss," are still trustworthy in general tendency.

Professor Fisher's contention that increased toxicity of the liquor (which is here identified with "intoxity") will result in an increase of arrests, which Mr. Shirk should have allowed for, is at least dubious; liquor furtively taken and of rapid effect is likely to be consumed under circumstances which will not attract police attention. The danger is that of increased home-drinking (not under police surveillance). And, although the allegation that there is more drinking now in the United States than before prohibition is probably wild, Professor Fisher's estimate that the total alcohol now consumed, including the product of illicit stills, is less than 16 percent of pre-prohibitional consumption is based on nothing better than shrewd guessing. And even were much less liquor drunk regularly, it does not follow that much less is now drunk to excess than formerly.

Professor Fisher with confidence relates the decline of juvenile crime—not in a dry city—but in that "wettest and wickedest city"—New York, to prohibition. Unluckily, in probably drier metropolitan cities juvenile delinquency has increased. In view of the changes in the conditions, as well as changes in court procedure, affecting children since the War, it appears to be singularly rash to dogmatize about the connection between juvenile delinquency, or indeed between adult crime—save brawling and the like—and prohibition. Similarly, great changes have taken place in the position and conduct of women. Vice has changed its habitat since the passing of the saloon; perhaps the action of many agencies has reduced it, or perhaps it has become more respectable and less detectable. But if Professor Fisher wishes to dogmatize about the connection of its supposed decline with prohibition, it waits to be seen whether he must not dogmatize alone.

Professor Fisher thinks that national prohibition came too soon, unlike Doctor Colvin, author of *Prohibition* in the United States, who sees in it as much a moral necessity for the repression of poisoners as the Fifteenth Amendment was for the repression of slave-owners, and who would keep Liquor out of politics, by explaining, in a book of 600 pages, how a party must be organized to fight it. Professor Fisher is of the opinion that the Eighteenth Amendment can be enforced. If the violators would cease to violate or the enforcers, like Doctor Colvin, would pay the cost of enforcement, perhaps it might. Certainly the regional disregard of law advocated by Mr. Jerome D. Greene may be a protest in favor of state regulation but is *faute de mieux*, and no remedy. What is needed is the vigorous enforcement of intelligent law, since law not only reflects but makes public opinion. Pending, however, further investigation, we probably do not know enough to say what is, in this case, intelligent law. "Who can doubt," says Professor Fisher, "that Science will review every custom and habit?"—meaning the liquor habit. Exactly. Who can doubt it? It may even review liquor legislation. But, it must also be admitted that until we have ampler knowledge of the precise social problems to be legislated for, more impartial investigation of possible legislative expedients, and a wider dissemination of such knowledge as is available than propagandist literature gives, we may do well to agree with Professor Fisher to the extent of believing that, if new legislation once was rash, tinkering with existing law now will be no better. We drop alike the pilot who, from impatience "rocks the ship" and he who, from obstinacy, runs the ship on the rocks. Good pilotage involves a deliberate change of course after reliable soundings have been taken.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN.

Current Fiction

The Golden Dancer, by Cyril Hume. New York: The George H. Doran Company. \$2.

THE GOLDEN DANCER is the product of a minor frenzy, of a bright mind burning continually at a low fever-point. Mr. Hume knows how to manage words, but does not seem to know how much they manage him, and so presents the spectacle of an author who has been run away with, even dumped in the ditch, with the reins still confidently in his hands. It is a mildly fantastic story, steered without compass, and therefore broken into three parts insufficiently related one to another. In the beginning are dreams, shyness and a truck driver; in the middle the baffled attempt of go-getting adolescence to bring joy, with a soda-fountain, into a New England village; in the end come love, reward and again dreams. If this account of the Golden Dancer were clearer, it would be less faithful to its original. Mr. Hume has facility, and some freshness; he is haunted by Elsewhere, like all good poets, and wears his heart on his sleeve, like so many bad ones. He has imagination, and youth, the latter of which, if allowed to outstay its time, is one of the worst companions the former can ever find. He leans heavily toward a whimsical smartness, for which his times may be to blame. One of those green talents, one is forced to say, which already seems to have started in the wrong direction.

R. L.

Into the Void, a Bookshop Mystery, by Florence Converse. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. \$2.

THE skill that went into the telling of this mild mystery is worthy of greater tasks. As a detective story, *Into the Void* is hardly a thriller, nor is its ingenuity anything remarkable. Indeed at times the reader is somewhat confused. But the language of the telling is more than agreeable, and the temper eloquently pleasant. From this book, as from so many others, future authors of detective stories may take a useful warning: never seem to be more interested in your story than you can manage to make your readers feel. Many a writer's careless heat has cooled his audience. The thermostatics of fiction is a neglected field, and worth studying.

R. L.

The West Wind, by Crosbie Garstin. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. \$2.

IN *West Wind* Ortho Penhale, Crosbie Garstin's d'Artagnan-like hero, who has traversed his adventurous way through two former books, brings his life to a close in a final gallant gesture to save his natural son after the latter in attempting to bring Ortho to justice for smuggling rum has run his own vessel on to the rocks and cut himself off from all rescue except that which Ortho effects. The book is fascinating with this buoyant life-lover as its hero; and whether the scene be in a Spanish prison from which he digs his way to liberty or in the boudoir of a lady who is kissed into abetting him in his flight or on his privateer *Ghost* where he alone sustains the morale of his discouraged men, the reader is kept in key. The prose, oftentimes sketchy, frequently harsh, is sometimes beautiful, as when Ortho describes the sea to a land-bound woman who has dreamed of it or when Bianca dances the bolero to imaginary music. This novel does

not need to be convincing: it is enough that it is entertaining, and it is that—in excelsis.

M. E. U.

The Women of the Family, by Margaret Culkin Banning. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.

A STUDY of a beautiful woman, a little too fine in perception and understanding for the Rotarian type of business man she married and for the class of young people with whom he wishes her to associate, who succumbs because of her failure to fit into her surroundings to a seemingly hereditary state of melancholia. In contrast to her is the big, somewhat grotesque, figure of Minna Jardin, who sees through this as she does through most difficult situations and herself finds the solution. The book is charmingly written—so much so that one forgives the author for stretching into a novel what could have been done adequately in a short story.

M. E. U.

The Bad Samaritan, by Justin Sturm. New York: Harper and Brothers. \$2.

IT is pleasant to meet happiness in any form, even if that form happens to be a cheerful fellow making a to-do about his cheerfulness. There are times when his aggressive well-being might strike us as an offensive clamor, but if we have started the day right, we warm to his heartiness. It is some such reason which accounts for *The Bad Samaritan* being what it is—a cheerful story which succeeds on the whole in communicating some of its good humor to the reader. The book tells of a Middle Western boy who rediscovers his long lost love in Chicago, where she, alas! is comfortably married and he, alas! is working for a living. But the husband, without much effort, turns out to be a sorry fellow, whereupon beauty and truth perform their famous Siamese twin act. The author shows no remarkable ability either in telling his story or revealing his people; but the spirit of the book is infectious: it makes us want to laugh, not at the author's attempts to be funny, which are mostly dreadful, but merely from good humor, for no particular reason, as we laugh when we see something young and very much alive.

T. S. M.

Romantic—I Call It, by Ethel Harriman. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$1.75.

SATIRE-LOVERS had no right to expect further high-grade yield from the vein uncovered by Miss Loos in last season's best seller, but Ethel Harriman has followed a parallel course and exposed almost equal riches in the personal narrative of Mrs. Essie Shimmyall, who might be own aunty to Lorelei Lee as well as "mother to ten thousand boys" in the Paris Y. M. C. A. Her triumphs in that field are only surpassed by her subsequent achievements in the cult of Beauty under the guidance of the sensitive Mr. Aroona, an adept of almost oriental vision.

"A new road on Life's Highway" opens up for Essie, a road thronged with enterprising comrades and leading to Florida, where as Madame Chimay, the human horn of plenty, she discovers How Simple It Is to Make Folks Happy. Returned to New York, and So to Speak, Remade, she finds her field of philanthropy less broad but, romantically speaking, more productive. The burgeoning crops of Cupidity are varied and cosmopolitan, but a domineering British Colonel with a profound sense of hus-

bandry winds up Essye's affairs by proposing an alliance upon his succession to the earldom of Palusebwewry.

Priceless—I call it!

D. B. W.

Cordelia Chantrell, by Meade Minnigerode. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.

MR. MINNIGERODE employs in this novel much the same method as in his gossip biographies. We are introduced to the Chantrells of Charleston with many references to, and excerpts from, diaries and letters, as conscientiously historical in allusion as they are lively in tone, and freely adorned with "period" colloquialisms and interjections. There is power and passion in the story of "the dark Chantrells," twin brother and sister, a volcanic pair. Cordelia's turbulence is compressed into an intensity made peculiarly effective by the reticence of Mr. Minnigerode's description, a recital almost fiercely stripped of sympathetic verbiage. Cordelia lives like a caged tigress in the narrow space of the story, as vividly as the actual figures out of the past that Mr. Minnigerode has known so well how to bring to life again before our eyes.

D. B. W.

Strangers, by Dorothy Van Doren. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.

MRS. VAN DOREN traces the difficulties of four members of the contemporary New York literary and editorial world to apply their intellectual convictions to their own emotional entanglement. The theme has current interest; Mrs. Van Doren describes a milieu she knows intimately, and the writing has directness and sincerity. The reader cannot escape the suspicion, however, that the four characters were invented for their usefulness in illustrating the subject: they fail to take possession of the field as individuals in their own right. The most living parts of the book are in the secondary story of the marriage and death of the younger sister of one of the Big Four.

L. S. M.

An Old Man's Folly, by Floyd Dell. New York: George H. Doran Company. \$2.

NATHANIEL WINDLE, a sixty-year-old Moon Calf, regretting the mediocrities of his existence, succeeds, after many struggles, in uniting a man and a maid of this age who vividly recall to him another pair from his own lost youth. Helplessly entangled in a network of radicalism, he is swept along on the wave of a pacifist movement during the last War. This tale of an elderly match-maker is one that might very easily have degenerated into rank sentimentality had not the author done it with such fine restraint. It is the best of Mr. Dell's recent novels and the wistful Mr. Windle is one of his most delightful characterizations.

T. M.

Contributors

RUTH MORGAN, third vice-president of the National League of Women Voters, attended the meeting of the Assembly of the League of Nations at Geneva in September.

S. K. RATCLIFFE is an English journalist and lecturer on current affairs.

GEORGE E. G. CATLIN, member of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, is assistant professor of politics at Cornell University, and a writer on political theory.

TRANSLATIONS and TOMFOOLERIES

by

BERNARD SHAW

Mr. Shaw after addressing the world at large on his seventieth birthday, with a Jovian gesture, presents to America this volume of—

Six Plays and
one Translation

All with his inimitable introductions
At All Booksellers \$2.25

BRENTANO'S

Publishers

New York

A Short Cut to Accurate Information

—a companion for your hours of reading and study that will quickly make itself indispensable for its wealth of ready information on just the questions which most often puzzle you. You will save time and insure accuracy when you have at hand

WEBSTER'S COLLEGIATE DICTIONARY

The Best Abridged Dictionary

It is Based upon Webster's New International

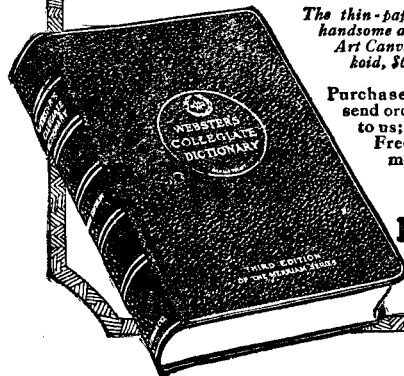
106,000 entries from which to get exact definitions, spellings, pronunciation, and use of words; a dictionary of biography to identify characters of history or literature; a Gazetteer department to give salient facts about points of geography; a guide to rules of punctuation, use of capitals, abbreviations, etc.; a dictionary of foreign phrases with pronunciation and translations; and many other features of practical value. It is a splendid book of 1256 pages with 1700 illustrations.

New Words—including the latest accepted vocabulary terms and important additions to the biographical and Gazetteer departments—such entries as *camoufleur*, *kinetophone*, *Latvia*, *Vimy*, *Hughes*, *Lenin*.

The thin-paper edition is especially handsome and convenient to handle. Art Canvas binding, \$5.00; Fabricoid, \$6.00; Leather, \$7.50.

Purchase of your bookseller; or send order and remittance direct to us; or write for information. Free specimen pages if you mention this periodical.

G. & C.
Merriam Co.
Springfield
Mass.



THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE

Twenty-ninth Season opens Sunday, November 7th
at 8 o'clock

IN THE GREAT HALL OF COOPER UNION
Astor Place and 8th Street
WITH A CONCERT BY THE AMERICAN
ORCHESTRAL SOCIETY

EVERETT DEAN MARTIN—What is the Matter
with Modern Ideas?

A course for Successive Friday Evenings.

First Lecture, November 12th, "The Loss of Intellectual Leadership in the Modern World."

FLOYD H. ALLPORT—"Personality and its Social Relationships," Tuesday, November 9th

BRUCE BLIVEN—"Debunking Our Politics, Sunday, November 14th.

Lectures with open forum discussion every Sunday
and Tuesday evening from November to May

ADMISSION FREE

THE SCHOOL OF THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE
In the small auditorium of

THE MANHATTAN TRADE SCHOOL
Lexington Ave. and 22nd St.

MARK VAN DOREN—Literary Critics of Our Civilization. *Seven Lectures. Monday Evenings.* \$1.50

IRWIN EDMAN—Varieties of Metaphysical Experience. *Five Lectures. Wednesday Evenings.* \$1.50

E. G. SPAULDING—Outlines of Philosophy. *Ten Lectures. Thursday Evenings.* \$2.00

G. KINGSLEY NOBLE—Evolution: Facts and Theories. *Ten Lectures. Saturday Evenings.* \$2.00

SCHOOL OPENS NOVEMBER 8TH

Season Tuition - - - \$15.00

Single Lecture - - - .25

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE,

70 Fifth Ave.
Watkins 7945

Fifteen Years Ago—

or so, men and women (artists, writers, thinking people) dissatisfied with life and living in the great open spaces or the closed up tight provincial towns, fled to New York City, there, as they hoped, to breathe the "free air" of an ideal community of congenial and like-minded souls. But today they know better. They know to have this community they have to build it—themselves—and are doing so just outside New York, in one of the most beautiful park-like spots on the Hudson.

MT. AIRY (Croton-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.)

not fifty miles out, where as little as \$350 buys one-quarter acre. Now is the time for you to join this ideal community you have always wanted to live in.

Send for full particulars today to

HARRY KELLY, 70 5th Ave., New York Chelsea 0432

CHILD STUDY GROUPS

for

Fathers and Mothers of Young Children
Fathers and Mothers of Adolescent Boys and Girls
Grandmothers, guardians, teachers, social workers, camp directors, etc.

Whatever your interest and needs, you will find this group work helpful and stimulating.

Write for information to

CHILD STUDY ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA, INC.
54 West 74th Street, New York City

THAT BOOK YOU WANT!

We hold 1,250,000 vols. second hand and new, every conceivable subject. Books on approval. Also Rare Books, Out-of-Print Books and sets of Authors. Catalogues free (20 issued). Outline requirements and interests. FOYLES, 121 Charing Cross Road, London, England.

REAL HARRIS TWEED

The aristocrat of all sports wear—direct from makers. Patterns free. Cut lengths by post, \$2.00 per yd. Carriage paid. NEWALL, 159 Stornoway, Scotland

Love's Pilgrimage

by UPTON SINCLAIR

Out of print 15 years. Book stores have asked \$7.50 for it. New edition now ready.

JACK LONDON: "It stands alone—there is no book like it."

ISRAEL ZANGWILL: "It seems to me to be literature of a high order."

EDEN PHILLIPOTS: "I am full of enthusiasm for this splendid work of art."

Robert Herrick: "You will want my opinion of its frank speaking, of course. It is about the frankest book I have ever seen in English, and yet it is perfectly clean in every word. That is much. As compared with a novel like Sundermann's 'Song of Songs,' it is as mountain brook water to a sewer."

Frederik van Eeden: "It is surely your greatest book, and very nearly one of the great books of the world. . . . You give wooing, marriage, pregnancy, birth in great classic lines. . . . It is one of the best things in English literature. Of course, you will be attacked and decried, but that is all right. This book will make you world fame. Even the Russians will appreciate it."

663 pages, cloth \$2.00, paper \$1.25

Upton Sinclair

Pasadena, California

Modjacot Shpeel

Yiddish Marionette Theatre

95 Second Avenue

Telephone: Orchard 7162

Every Evening, Sat. and Sun. Mat.

THE DYBUK

A farce by Z. Maud

THE MERCHANTS OF PEPPER

An Operetta by Y. Cutler

PUPPET DANCES

By J. Tworokov

Manhattan Beach Hotel, New York.

Here is a modern fireproof hotel by the seashore for less than in the crowded city. Home-like comforts. Moderate-priced restaurant; maid, valet and telephone service. Winter rates: \$12 per week for two. 37 minutes from Times Square, B. M. T. Telephone Esplanade 3000.

Mercantile Library

Makes a specialty of new books: Novels, Travel, Drama, Biographies, and new books upon all topics of the day.

Subscription, \$5.00 per year
\$3.00 for six months

13 Astor Pl. New York

Abnormal or Problem Children

College graduate with psychoanalytical training and experience wishes to tutor children who present special or general difficulties. Telephone: Stuyvesant 4961, Extension 834. After November 1st. Spring 0934.

FOR SALE—Attractive ten-room residence. Italian architecture. Half acre, with 100 feet road frontage. Restricted neighborhood in lovely country surroundings, yet only three to five minutes walk to station, good schools, churches, stores, etc. On north shore Long Island, 29 minutes by express to Penn. Station. Address: P. O. Box 253, Manhasset, N. Y.

FREE To anyone interested in the voting question I will send free, to any address, a leaflet describing a new method of voting—concurrent voting, a method that is based on an entirely different principle from any now in use.

Wm. Crocker, Box 314, Prescott, Arizona.

WANTED

4-5 room furnished house in more or less isolated position, within commuting distance New York. Suitably heated for tenancy December—Easter. Address: Box 445, The New Republic.

FOR RENT

2-rooms, bath, kitchenette, fireplace, unfurnished, in recently modernized house owned by The New Republic. Telephone: Chelsea 8393.

Earn \$25 Weekly

Spare time, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary. Details FREE.

Press Syndicate, 1060, St. Louis, Mo.

FOLDER proposing colonization among undeveloped natural resources, in British Columbia, along lines of industrial Democracy, sent free by the Coöperative Club, Prince George, B. C., Canada.